CLERMONT.

A TALE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

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Our Paſſions gone, and Reaſon on her throne,
Amaz'd we ſee the miſchiefs we have done:
After a tempeſt, when the winds are laid,
The calm ſea wonders at the wrecks it made.

WALLER.

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CLERMONT.

CHAP. I.

———Something ſtill there lies
In Heaven's dark volume which I read through miſts.
DRYDEN.

ON deſcending to the breakfaſt parlour, ſhe found her father already there; he ſtood with his back to the door, and ſo deeply engaged in contemplating a large picture, that he did not hear her enter. Madeline approached him ſoftly, and could not help being ſtruck with horror on perceiving the picture was a repreſentation of the mur-

der of Abel. It was fancy, no doubt, which at that moment made her imagine, in the features of the agonized and affrighted Cain, there was a reſemblance to her father's. A ſlight noiſe ſhe made rouſed him; and, ſtarting, he turned with evident confuſion to her. He had ſcarcely recovered from it, when the Marquis entered the room. Contrary to his uſual cuſtom, he had forſaken his bed at an early hour, anxious, by every attention in his power, to make amends to his ſon for his long neglect.

After the uſual ſalutations were over,— "I was ſorry to hear (ſaid he, as they ſeated themſelves at the table), that your reſt was diſturbed laſt night; Lafroy informed me of the noiſe which alarmed you; I can no otherways account for it, than by ſuppoſing ſome ill-minded perſon reſides in my family who wiſhes to overthrow its tranquillity by exciting ſuperſtitious fears. I have heard more than once of ſuch tricks being played in other houſes, by people who imagined they

they ſhould reap advantage from the general confuſion that was the conſequence of them. If one is practiſed here, I will if poſſible detect it: this very morning I am determined to examine the chamber, to try if there is any other entrance to it than by the gallery; though that examination will be attended with the utmoſt pain, as I have never viſited it ſince the death of my Philippe."

Lord St. Julian informed him he had ſecured the key for that purpoſe. As ſoon as breakfaſt was over, they accordingly repaired to it, accompanied by Madeline. The door was cloſed immediately on their entrance; and while the Marquis, overcome by afflicting recollections, ſat almoſt motionleſs on the bed, the tapeſtry was raiſed, and the wall critically inſpected, but without diſcovering any other crevices in it than thoſe which time had made.

"'Tis ſtrange (cried the Marquis, after the fruitleſs examination was over), I cannot

now poſſibly conjecture from whence the noiſe could have proceeded:—what did it ſound like?"

"Like the groans, or rather yells, of excruciating diſtreſs (replied St. Julian); never before did ſounds ſo horrible pierce my ear."

"I ſhall place ſome of the ſervants I can depend on in the gallery as a watch upon this door to-night; and if any villainy is practiſed, I think (ſaid the Marquis), by that means it will be detected. Though this room (continued he) affects, it alſo pleaſes me; it ſeems to me a place peculiarly conſecrated to my Philippe, as ſince his death it never has been inhabited, nor never ſhall whilſt I live. Will you indulge me by remaining a little longer in it with me?"

St. Julian and Madeline inſtantly ſeated themſelves.

After

After ſome further converſation, the Marquis requeſted to hear the particulars of his ſon's life.

St. Julian ſeemed ſomewhat embarraſſed: after a little heſitation, however, he gave the deſired recital. But how great was the aſtoniſhment of Madeline to find it differ eſſentially from the one he had given her; every circumſtance relative to his brother was now ſuppreſſed.

On finding his expectations of fortune blaſted, he had ſet out for Italy, he ſaid, with an intention of cultivating a taſte for painting; truſting, from that ſource, he ſhould be enabled at leaſt to derive a ſupport. "I had not proceeded far on my journey (continued he), ere an accident introduced me to the hoſpitable Lord Dunlere: he then gave the ſame account of that nobleman to the Marquis that he had already done to Madeline; and concluded by ſaying, he had loſt his wife, and her father, in conſequence

of their grief for the premature death of his lovely ſiſter-in-law : after which he had forſaken their habitation, unable to bear the ſcene of his former joys, and retired, changing his name, to a lonely cottage, amidſt ſome of the moſt wild and romantic mountains of Dauphine.

The Marquis was affected by the ſufferings of his ſon; but at the ſame time pleaſed to hear he had been united to a woman of rank and virtue: it gratified his pride to find the heireſs of his fortunes could boaſt on every ſide of illuſtrious connections.

But how different were the feelings of Madeline from his, on hearing this ſecond narrative from her father : ſhe was ſhocked to find ſo great a difference between the one he had given her, and the one he had given the Marquis. " Ah, why (cried ſhe to herſelf) conceal the generoſity of his noble brother!—Yet, perhaps (continued ſhe, after ſome

ſome minutes' reflection), he only forbore mentioning him, from a fear of awaking painful emotions in the Marquis's breaſt."

Soothed by this idea, the compoſure of her mind was returning, when again it was diſturbed by the Marquis's ſuddenly enquiring on what part of the Alps the habitation in which Lord Dunlare had lived was ſituated, and by the agitation her father betrayed at the queſtion: in faltering accents he anſwered it, and the Marquis inſtantly exclaimed—

"Oh, God! it was there my Philippe fell!—You reſided with Lord Dunlere at that time (continued he, after the pauſe of a moment), and you heard perhaps of the murder?"

"A rumour of it (replied St. Julian), but without knowing the ſufferer's name."

"You knew not then, till lately, that the vengeance of Heaven had overtaken me: the offended Majeſty of Heaven could not indeed have inflicted any puniſhment upon me half ſo ſevere as that of depriving me of

my ſon. Oh, Philippe! lovely and beloved! days, years have elapſed ſince your death,—but without witneſſing any diminution of my grief!—Had I received your laſt ſigh—had I paid the laſt ſad duties to your remains, its poignancy I think would have been abated: but far from your kindred you fell!—and never will the tomb of your forefathers receive you."

"You have heard, perhaps (continued the Marquis), from your vicinity to the ſpot, where he fell—that the body could never be found. At the time he received his death wound, he was on his way to Italy, and had ſtopped for the night at a little obſcure inn; from whence, tempted by the ſublimity of the ſcene, he had wandered to an adjoining mountain, to paſs an hour or two, attended by a favourite ſervant: both were unarmed; and the moment his maſter was attacked, the ſervant fled for aſſiſtance; but, alas! ere he returned with it, the murdered and the murderer were gone. No doubt the body was dragged into ſome receſs, a prey

for

for the ravenous wolves which infeſt that part of the country; and even now, perhaps, his bones, unburied, lie bleaching in the mountain blaſt. Oh! never may my eyes be cloſed till they have ſeen vengeance fall upon the head of his murderer! accurſed may he be! may his days be without comfort—his nights without repoſe!—and may his pangs, if poſſible, be more intolerable than thoſe he has inflicted on my ſoul!"

"Perhaps (cried Madeline, in a faint voice), he does not live."

"Suggeſt not ſuch an idea again (exclaimed the Marquis, with a kind of ſavage fury in his countenance); the hope of yet bringing him to puniſhment has hitherto, more than any other circumſtance, ſupported me amidſt my ſufferings; to relinquiſh that hope, would be to relinquiſh almoſt all that could conſole me.—Still then will I retain it; ſtill then will I truſt, O God! that ſome heaven-directed hand ſhall point out the murderer of my ſon."

The Marquis and the Count ſat on the ſame ſide, and Madeline directly oppoſite to them. As her grandfather uttered the laſt words, ſhe withdrew her eyes from his for the purpoſe of ſtealing a glance at her father; but as ſhe was turning to him, they were ſuddenly arreſted by a ſight which ſtruck her with horror.

She beheld a hand thruſt through the tapeſtry behind him, extended and pointing to him. Shrieking aloud, ſhe ſtarted from her ſeat, and, with a deſperate reſolution, was flying to the wall in order to examine it, when her ſtrength and ſenſes ſuddenly receded, and ſhe fell fainting on the floor.

Alarmed by her too evident terror and illneſs, St. Julian flew to her aſſiſtance; whilſt the Marquis, ſcarcely leſs affected than her father, rung the bell with violence. Some of the ſervants immediately haſtened to the room; and reſtoratives being procured,

Madeline

Madeline ſoon revived. The moment ſhe opened her eyes, ſhe raiſed her languid head from the ſhoulder of her father, and turned them to the ſpot from whence ſhe had ſeen the dreadful hand extended. But it was gone; and ſhe then begged to be carried to her chamber.

St. Julian would not permit any one to continue in it with her but himſelf. He had ſome ſecret reaſons for wiſhing no one at preſent to liſten to their converſation. He tried to ſooth, he tried to tranquillize her, but without effect; and he beſought her to acquaint him with the cauſe of her illneſs.

Unwilling to tell a falſehood, yet unable to declare the truth—Oh! my father (cried ſhe, bathing his hands with tears as ſhe preſſed them between her's), aſk me no farther queſtions on the ſubject; place the ſame confidence in me now you have hitherto done, and believe that your Made-

line will never have any concealments from you which you can diſapprove: you ſeem ill yourſelf," obſerving his pale and haggard looks.

"At my being diſordered (cried he), you cannot wonder after what has paſſed."

"Paſſed!" repeated Madeline, recoiling with horror at the idea of his having ſeen the hand.

"Yes (replied St. Julian), after what has paſſed,—after being curſed by my father."

"Curſed!" cried Madeline aghaſt.

"Did you not hear him curſe me?"

"No, ſurely not (anſwered Madeline); I heard him curſe, but——ſhe pauſed—ſhe heſitated.

"But whom?" demanded St. Julian impatiently.

"The murderer of his ſon," replied Madeline in a faint voice, and turning her eyes from her father.

St.

St. Julian groaned; he claſped his hands upon his breaſt and traverſed the apartment.

"True (cried he, ſuddenly ſtopping, and flinging himſelf upon a chair); true, it was not me he curſed. I believe my reaſon is diſordered by the ſudden change in my ſituation. Ah! would to heaven (ſaid he in a half-ſtifled voice), ſince ſo long delayed, that change had never taken place!"

"Would to heaven it never had!" ſaid Madeline.

"Oh! my child (reſumed St. Julian, riſing and embracing her), you have no reaſon to join in that wiſh; the Caſtle of Montmorenci can lead you to no dreadful retroſpections, can awaken no torturing recollections in your breaſt."

"Alas! my father (replied Madeline), if it has that effect upon your mind, mine muſt neceſſarily be diſturbed: ſhe whom you nurtured with tenderneſs, the child of

your boſom, cannot, without the moſt agonizing ſorrow, behold your diſtreſs."

At this moment a ſervant rapped at the door to announce dinner. Madeline declared herſelf unable either to go down or take any refreſhment at preſent. But ſhe promiſed her father ſhe would exert herſelf to be able to attend him and the Marquis in the evening, and reluctantly he left her.

But how vain were the efforts ſhe made to fulfil the promiſe ſhe had given to her father; as well might ſhe have attempted to ſtill the wild waves of the ocean as the agitations of her breaſt, proceeding as they did from her newly-revived ſuſpicions concerning him.

She heſitated whether ſhe ſhould diſcloſe them or not. "Shall I throw myſelf at his feet (cried ſhe, traverſing her chamber with haſty ſteps), and entreat him to confirm my horrors,

horrors, or diſſipate my fears? Ah! what rapture to think he could do the latter! —but, alas! his unguarded expreſſions, the myſterious circumſtances that have happened ſince our arrival at the caſtle, leave me little reaſon to imagine he can."

Abſorbed by the dreadful ideas which had taken poſſeſſion of her mind, Madeline heeded not the paſſing minutes, and was ſurpriſed by her father in a ſituation that made him ſtart as he entered her apartment.

Never indeed was anguiſh more ſtrongly depictured than by her; her hair, diſhevelled, fell partly on a boſom whoſe tumultuous throbs indicated the diſorder of her heart; and the wildneſs of her eyes declared the agitation that had mantled her cheeks with a feveriſh glow.

"Madeline (ſaid her father as he approached her), is it thus you have kept your promiſe with me?"

She ſighed.

" Your countenance (reſumed he in a ſolemn voice, and taking her hand), renders concealment with you impoſſible; I ſhall not therefore aſk what has diſordered you, for your looks have informed me."

Madeline involuntarily averted her head.

" Yes (continued he), I know your preſent ideas. But, Oh, Madeline! reflect on the tenor of my conduct, on the precepts I inſtilled into your mind, and then think whether you have done me juſtice or injuſtice in harbouring them ?"

Madeline withdrew her hands, and covered her face.

" I forgive you, however (proceeded St. Julian), from my ſoul I forgive you. I know a ſtrange combination of circumſtances excited your ſuſpicions—circumſtance which I may yet perhaps ſatisfactorily account for: at

at any rate, be aſſured, at ſome period, perhaps not far diſtant, I will elucidate all the myſteries of my life, explain my reaſons for ſinking to the Marquis, and not to you, my intimacy with my brother."

Oh! my father (cried Madeline, throwing herſelf at his feet), how can I ever ſufficiently evince my gratitude for your forgiveneſs—a forgiveneſs which cannot be followed by my own. True, a ſtrange combination of circumſtances led me into error; but nothing can now juſtify me in my own opinion for it. Ah! never can I reflect without horror, that there were moments in which I doubted your integrity,—ah! never can I think myſelf puniſhed enough for doing ſo; though my feelings, in conſequence of ſuch doubts, were ſuch as almoſt to annihilate exiſtence. You ſay you forgive me; but ah! my father, can I hope that you will ever look upon me again without internal reſentment?"

"Without a trace of it ſhall I regard you (cried he, raiſing her from the ground): had our ſituations been reverſed, I make no doubt

doubt I ſhould juſt have thought as you did: let us now endeavour to baniſh all that is diſagreeable from our recollections."

"With ecſtaſy (ſaid Madeline). Oh! never, my father, ſhall my faith in your virtues be again ſhaken. Ah! happy ſhould I now be, could I be reconciled to myſelf. Your words have removed a mountain from my breaſt; and all the horrors of doubt and ſuſpicion are over."

"My happineſs depends on your's (ſaid St. Julian); the beſt proof, therefore, you can give me of your regard, is by endeavouring to recover your ſpirits."

"Every effort then ſhall be made (replied Madeline); and efforts in a right cauſe are generally ſucceſsful."

Her father then led her to the apartment where the Marquis ſat, who expreſſed much pleaſure at ſeeing her better.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How would Philoſophy enjoy this hour,'
Did not grief 's arrow in her bleeding ſide
Deep, deep infix'd, at every painful ſtep
Pierce to the heart, and poiſon all her bliſs.
Ev'n this calm ſolitude, this ſtill ſerene,
Tranquillity, that to internal views
Recalls our ſcatter'd thoughts, and from the brow
Of ruffl'd paſſion ſteals its gloomy frown,
Is now my gentle foe; provokes the tear
From the pale eye of ſorrow, and reminds
Deſpairing Friendſhip of its loſs.—— WEST.

AS they were drinking their coffee, Madeline was agreeably ſurpriſed by hearing there was a connection between her family and that of her departed benefactreſs:—the father

father of Viola's huſband was a near relation of the Marquis and next heir to his titles if he died without iſſue.

"As ſoon as I diſcovered I had a ſon in exiſtence (ſaid the Marquis), I wrote to Monſieur D'Alembert, whoſe chateau is about four leagues from this, acquainting him with the joyful event, and requeſting his immediate preſence, well convinced, from the generoſity of his diſpoſition, that he would rather rejoice than grieve at the diſcovery, though the means of deſtroying his proſpect of my title and fortunes. I received a letter from him, breathing the warmeſt congratulations; and aſſuring me he would inſtantly have obeyed my ſummons, had not domeſtic calamity interpoſed to prevent his doing ſo. A diſpatch had juſt arrived from his ſon, he continued, informing him of the illneſs of Madame D'Alembert."

"Her illneſs!" cried Madeline, turning pale.

"Yes,

"Yes (reſumed the Marquis), an illneſs which threatened to end in a decline, and for which ſhe was ordered directly to Bareges, whither Monſieur D'Alembert determined on accompanying her and his ſon."

Madeline, though inexpreſſibly ſhocked, was not ſurpriſed to hear this account of Madame D'Alembert, whoſe health ſhe had long beheld declining. Almoſt confident, from the character of young D'Alembert, that he would not pay thoſe attentions her ſituation required, Madeline could not forbear giving vent to her feelings, and exclaimed with energy—"Would to God I was now with her! would to God I was now permitted to pay to the daughter the debt of gratitude I owed the parent!"

"Impoſſible (cried the Marquis); Madame D'Alembert, accompanied as ſhe is, cannot require additional attendance: beſides, your preſence in the caſtle is abſolutely requiſite, as an entertainment is already planned, and will be given in a few days, in

in honour of you and your father, at which you muſt preſide Of the travellers we ſhall receive the earlieſt intelligence, as Monſieur D'Alembert promiſed to write immediately on their arriving at Bareges: let this promiſe therefore contribute to quiet your mind."

Madeline bowed, and endeavoured to appear compoſed; but her heart ſwelled with ſorrow at the idea of being ſeparated from her friend, at a time when her attentions would have been ſo acceptable, perhaps neceſſary; and with difficulty ſhe ſuppreſſed her tears.

When coffee was over, the Marquis and St. Julian ſat down to cheſs, and Madeline withdrew to the court, from whence ſhe was ſoon tempted to wander into the foreſt.

It was now the ſtill, the dewy hour of eve, an hour in which ſhe particularly loved to walk; and ſhe proceeded, thinking of the happy

happy period in which ſhe had wandered, devoid of care, through the wild-wood walks ſurrounding her native valley; and ſighing at the idea, that felicity ſuch as ſhe then experienced would never, never more return.

Unheeding whither or how far ſhe went, ſhe rambled on till her progreſs was unexpectedly ſtopped by the monumental pillar of Lord Philippe.

A kind of awful fear now took poſſeſſion of her; a fear, which the idea of the diſtance ſhe had wandered from the chateau, the lateneſs of the preſent hour, and the deep gloom ſurrounding her, inſpired; a

——long cathedral aiſle of ſhade

led to the pillar, around which cluſtered

cypreſs and bay,
Funereal, penſive birch, its languid arms
That droops, with waving willows, deem'd to weep,
And ſhiv'ring aſpins——

The

The yellow radiance, diffuſed over the tall trees and the antique turrets of the caſtle, at her firſt ſetting out, was now entirely withdrawn, and ſcarcely a ſtar-light ray penetrated to the ſpot on which ſhe ſtood; whilſt a breeze ſwept through the foreſt with a hollow murmur, that to her ear ſounded like the lamentings of a troubled ſpirit.

The dreadful fate of him to whom the pillar was dedicated, ruſhed upon her recollection; and, ſhuddering, ſhe was moving from it, when a deep groan arreſted her ſteps. She pauſed,—ſhe trembled; the ſurrounding trees faintly ruſtled; a figure ſlowly emerged from them, and gliding by her, gave as it paſſed a look at once tender and mournful—a look which preſented to her view the exact features of de Sevignie.

"Oh, God! (cried ſhe, recollecting the likeneſs between him and the picture of Lord Philippe), is it de Sevignie I ſaw, or the ſpirit of the murdered Philippe?"

The

The pale and hollow cheek preſented to her view, the melancholy eye that beamed upon her, inclined her to believe the latter; and while a cold perſpiration burſt from every pore at the idea of having ſeen a ſupernatural being, ſhe fled trembling up the long avenue that led from the pillar: at its termination ſhe pauſed, uncertain which way to go, for the paths were here wild and entangled; but as ſhe deſpairingly ſtruck her breaſt from a fear of not finding her way, ſhe beheld a light ſuddenly glimmering through the trees: from the caſtle ſhe knew this muſt proceed; darting forward therefore, and ſtill keeping it in view, ſhe ſoon found herſelf at home.

She ſtopped for a few minutes in the hall in order to regain her breath and ſome degree of compoſure; ſhe then repaired to the parlour, where ſhe found the gentlemen juſt riſing from cheſs. In anſwer to their enquiries as to where ſhe had been, ſhe briefly replied, rambling about, but did not inform them how far or whither. Her paleneſs

ſtruck both the Marquis and St. Julian; both however imputed it to her grief for the illneſs of Madame D'Alembert.

On retiring to her chamber, Madeline was not ſorry to find ſome of the ſervants ſtationed outſide the chamber next to her's, for the purpoſe of apprizing the Marquis and his ſon if there was any return of the noiſe that had alarmed the family the preceding night. Her ſpirits weakened by the idea of having ſeen a being of the other world ſhe could ill have borne total ſolitude. Unable to ſleep, ſhe ſtood a conſiderable time at the window, contemplating that part of the foreſt where ſhe had been terrified; yet without ſhuddering ſhe could not look upon thoſe trees, beneath whoſe covert ſhe imagined the troubled ſpirit of Lord Philippe wandered.

CHAP. III.

Why I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile,
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occaſions.

NO noiſe this night diſturbed the tranquillity of the caſtle; and the terror which had marked the countenances of the domeſtics began to vaniſh.

The Marquis had mentioned to Madeline his intention of giving an entertainment in honour of her and his Son; and prepara-

tions were now making for it—preparations which were unexpectedly interrupted by a letter from Monſieur D'Alembert, containing the melancholy intelligence of the death of his daughter-in-law on her way to Bareges.

Though this event was communicated in the moſt cautious manner to Madeline by her father, the ſhock it gave her nearly deprived her of her ſenſes. Unwilling to diſtreſs him by the ſight of her grief, yet unable at preſent to ſtem it, ſhe requeſted permiſſion to retire to her chamber; a requeſt which he inſtantly complied with, from a hope that the unreſtrained indulgence of her ſorrow would abate its violence, and contribute to the reſtoration of her tranquillity.

In the ſolitude of her chamber ſhe gave free vent to it. "But is not this a ſelfiſh ſorrow? (ſhe exclaimed, whilſt tears trickled down her pale cheeks); do I not weep alone for

for the loſs which the death of my friend will prove to me? for am I not convinced that death to her was a paſſport to unutterable felicity,—to that glorious world, where the cares, the diſappointments that embitter this, can never obtrude—where all is happineſs,—and where the kindred ſpirit of a Parent welcomed her pure and diſembodied ſoul to that happineſs.

Theſe ideas, however, had not power to mitigate her feelings. Beſides the tears ſhe ſhed for the loſs, the irreparable loſs ſhe ſuſtained by the death of her friend, ſhe wept from a fear, which the account ſhe had received of the diſpoſition of D'Alembert inſpired, namely, that his wife had not in her dying moments received thoſe attentions that ſooth the laſt ſtruggles of nature; ſhe feared that no

> Soft complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
> Pleas'd her pale ghoſt, or grac'd her mournful bier.

"Would to heaven! (ſhe ſaid) I had continued a little longer with her; it would have comforted me to have known that the kindneſſes, the attentions, the nameleſs little offices of love, which ſoften the pangs of ſickneſs and of death, had been paid to her."

From her melancholy meditations ſhe was rouſed by a knock at the chamber-door. She ſtarted; haſtily roſe, and opening it, beheld her father.

"I hope, my dear Madeline (cried he, taking her hand) that the long and free indulgence of your grief has lightened your heart, and enabled you to make exertions againſt a ſorrow, not only uſeleſs, but injurious. I hope (continued he, obſerving her trickling tears), that in the grave of your friend you have not buried all conſideration for your father's peace—a father, who can know no happineſs but what is derived from witneſſing your's."

"Oh,

"Oh, my father (exclaimed Madeline, unſpeakably affected by his words), every exertion you deſire I will make."

Ever taught to conſider her promiſe as ſacred, ſhe no longer gave way to her grief, and ſoon recovered, though not her cheerfulneſs, her compoſure.

The death of Madame D'Alembert cauſed the doors of the caſtle to be again barred againſt company, and an almoſt uninterrupted ſtillneſs once more reigned within it. Madeline rather rejoiced at than regretted the total ſolitude in which ſhe lived; the ſpirits, the hopes, the expectations which would once have inclined her to gaiety, were fled, and ſhe no longer wiſhed to ſee or to be ſeen.

Nor did her father appear leſs pleaſed with his ſecluſion from the world; a deeper gloom than Madeline had ever before obſerved upon it, now almoſt continually clouded his

brow. His wanderings from the caſtle became frequent; and were often prolonged till the curioſity of his father, and the fears of his daughter, were excited.

Tortured by beholding his increaſing melancholy, Madeline was often tempted to implore him to reveal its ſource, from a hope that ſhe might then be able to offer ſome conſolation; but whenever ſhe felt herſelf on the point of doing ſo, the ſolemn promiſe ſhe had given her departed friend of never attempting to raiſe the veil which concealed the former events of his life, recurred to her recollection, and made her ſhrink back appalled from the idea.

"But has he not promiſed (ſhe would then cry, endeavouring to ſtrengthen her reſolution), has he not promiſed, ſince his arrival at the caſtle, that he would himſelf raiſe that veil, and elucidate every myſtery; Oh! let me then terminate my incertitude, my ſuſpenſe

ſuſpenſe, by now imploring him to fulfil his promiſe."

Still however, whenever her lips opened for that purpoſe, a ſecret dread would again cloſe them; and ſhe was ſoon convinced that ſhe could not ſummon reſolution to urge the diſcloſure ſhe ſo ardently deſired.

About a fortnight after they had received the intelligence of Madame D'Alembert's death, a letter arrived from the elder D'Alembert, acquainting the Marquis with his intention of being at the caſtle that day. He arrived a ſhort time before dinner, and paid his compliments to his newly-diſcovered relatives with the utmoſt warmth and affection. The prejudice Madeline had conceived againſt the ſon extended to the father; and, notwithſtanding the warmth of his manner, ſhe ſaw, or fancied ſhe ſaw (which had juſt the ſame effect upon her mind), in his countenance a diſſatisfaction that denoted his not feeling what he profeſſed;

his eye, ſhe thought, often faſtened upon her father with a malignant expreſſion, as if the ſoul that animated it inwardly curſed the man who had ſtepped between him and the fortunes of Montmorenci.

After the firſt compliments were over, taking the hand of Madeline, he aſſured her that nothing but buſineſs of the moſt perplexing nature could have prevented his ſon from aceompanying him to the chateau. "He is impatient (continued he) to be introduced to his amiable relations; above all, he is impatient for an opportunity of expreſſing to you his heartfelt gratitude for the attentions you paid to his wife."

The heart of Madeline was too full to permit her to ſpeak: ſhe bowed, and haſtily averted her head to wipe away the tears which fell to the memory of the unhappy Viola.

Her

Her father, perceiving her emotion, led her to a ſeat, and changed the diſcourſe.

D'Alembert now informed them that his daughter (of whom Madeline had before heard the Marquis ſlightly ſpeak) was at the Chateau de Merville with her brother "In about a month I hope and expect (continued he), they will join me here."

"I hope ſo too (ſaid the Marquis); for I think it is the want of ſociety that lowers the ſpirits, and hurts the bloom of Madeline."

"Ah! (thought Madeline) 'tis not the ſociety I am now debarred from, but the ſociety I have loſt, which deadens my cheerfulneſs, and fades my cheek."

"I ſhall inſiſt (reſumed the Marquis) on her father's taking her in the courſe of the winter to Paris; 'tis time for her to be introduced to the circles her rank entitles her to aſſociate with."

D'Alembert by a bow ſilently aſſented to what the Marquis ſaid.

From this period Madeline had but few opportunities of indulging her love for ſolitude; D'Alembert either was, or pretended to be, ſo delighted with her ſociety, that he could not for any length of time endure her abſence. Complaiſance compelled her to humour a relation advanced in life, and alſo the gueſt of her grandfather; but the interruption he gave to her favourite inclinations, together with the extravagant eulogiums he beſtowed upon her perſon and all ſhe ſaid or did, heightened, if poſſible, the diſlike ſhe had conceived againſt him from their firſt interview—a diſlike, however, which ſhe did not reveal; yet not without uneaſineſs could ſhe hear her father declare he thought him a man worthy of eſteem.

With the utmoſt pain ſhe thought of the approaching viſit from his ſon and daughter. "Ah! never (ſaid ſhe to herſelf), ah! never, without

without ſhuddering, without horror, ſhall I be able to look upon the man whoſe ill conduct I have reaſon to think occaſioned the death of my beloved friend."

Within a week of the time ſhe expected him, as ſhe was walking one morning in that part of the foreſt which immediately ſurrounded the caſtle, ſhe beheld her father and D'Alembert at a little diſtance from her, apparently engaged in a deep and intereſting diſcourſe. Their eyes encountered her's almoſt at the moment ſhe ſaw them; they inſtantly ſtopped; and, after converſing together for about another minute, D'Alembert entered the court, and her father advanced to her: the gloom on his brow was ſomewhat leſſened, and a languid ſmile faintly illumined his features.

"Madeline (ſaid he, taking her hand, and walking on with her), D'Alembert and I have been talking of you."

"Of me!" cried Madeline.

"Yes

"Yes, we have been ſketching out a plan of felicity for you."

Madeline ſighed, and looked earneſtly at her father.

"A plan (reſumed he) which I truſt will meet your approbation."

"Explain yourſelf, my deareſt father (cried Madeline), I am all impatience."

"To be explicit then (ſaid St. Julian), D'Alembert has propoſed an union between you and his ſon."

"Between me and his ſon! (repeated Madeline, involuntarily drawing her hand from her father's, and ſtarting back a few paces)—between me andhis ſon!—and you approved of the propoſal!—Oh! my father, is this the felicity you planned for me?—ſooner, ten thouſand times ſooner, would I immure myſelf for ever within the walls of a cloiſter, than become the wife of D'Alembert."

"Compoſe yourſelf (ſaid St. Julian), you have no cauſe for the violent emotions you betray.

betray. You have always, I hope, found me, in every ſenſe of the word, a parent; you ſhould therefore have reſtrained your apprehenſions, by being convinced I never would urge you to an act directly contrary to your inclinations. But whilſt I give this aſſurance, I alſo declare that I will not, by rejecting every overture which may be made for your hand, ſanction your attachment to an object who ought long ſince to have been forgotten."

"I ſolemnly declare (cried Madeline, claſping her hands together), that my repugnance to the union you have propoſed, proceeds not entirely from the attachment you allude to."

"From what other cauſe (demanded St. Julian), can it proceed? you cannot have conceived a diſlike againſt a man you never ſaw."

"'Tis true (replied Madeline), I know not the perſon of D'Alembert, but I am acquainted with his character." She then briefly related all ſhe had heard concerning him

him from Floretta and Agatha, the favourite and confidential ſervants of the Counteſs de Merville.

" I am ſhocked, I am aſtoniſhed (cried St. Julian), at what you tell me; and with you I can readily believe, that the knowledge of his depravity accelerated the death of the mother, and occaſioned that of the daughter."

" But had I never been informed of that depravity (reſumed Madeline), I ſhould have conceived an unconquerable diſlike againſt him for his indelicacy in propoſing for me ſo ſoon after his wife's death, and without being in the leaſt degree acquainted with me."

" I own that part of his conduct appeared reprehenſible to me (ſaid St. Julian), and I gave my opinion of it to his father. He attempted to juſtify it by ſaying, that it was natural ſo young a man, and one of ſo domeſtic a turn as his ſon, ſhould ſoon make another choice."

" But

" But why let that choice devolve upon an object he had never beheld?" aſked Madeline.

" Becauſe a prepoſſeſſion had been excited in her favour by the eulogiums of his wife; and he entreated his father to haſten to the caſtle, in order to pave the way for his addreſſes," St. Julian replied.

" Oh, my father (cried Madeline), I truſt you will not delay declaring my utter repugnance to thoſe addreſſes."

" Depend on me, my love (he ſaid), for taking the earlieſt opportunity of informing D'Alembert they never can be ſucceſsful: your grandfather, I hope, will be equally inclined to let you reject them."

" My grandfather! (repeated Madeline); was he then conſulted on the ſubject?"

" So I underſtand from D'Alembert, and that he highly approved of the projected alliance: he wiſhes to have the fortunes of the family united."

" The fortunes of the family! (Madeline repeated); and are ſuch the conſiderations that

that ſway the great world?—Ah! no wonder, if the union of fortunes, not of hearts, is alone conſidered, that miſery, vice, and diſſipation from ſuch connections ſhould enſue."

"I am almoſt convinced (reſumed St. Julian), that the Marquis will not attempt to controul your inclinations. But, my dear Madeline, though all idea of a connection between you and D'Alembert ſhall on my part be relinquiſhed, from a conviction that it never could promote your happineſs, do not flatter yourſelf that, if a propoſal came from an unexceptionable character, I would ſanction a ſecond rejection: 'tis not, be aſſured, from a vain pride of deſiring an illuſtrious name to be continued to poſterity, that I wiſh you to be married—no, 'tis from a wiſh of enſuring you protection when I ſhall be no longer able to extend it. I long to lodge my treaſure in ſafe and honourable hands, ere I viſit that country, from whoſe bourn I never ſhall return."

The

The words of her father opened a new ſource of diſquietude to Madeline, who had flattered herſelf that her attachment to a ſingle life would never be oppoſed: and ſtill ſhe tried to ſooth her uneaſineſs by thinking, notwithſtanding what he ſaid, her father would never exert an arbitrary power over her.

They continued to walk till dinner time. At table Madeline turned with diſguſt from D'Alembert, whoſe looks expreſſed the utmoſt exultation. She withdrew almoſt immediately after dinner, and repaired to the garden, where ſhe continued a conſiderable time uninterrupted, and deeply meditating on the converſation of the morning. At length ſhe beheld D'Alembert approaching; and the alteration of his countenance convinced her that her father had communicated her ſentiments to him.

She

She would have paſſed him in ſilence, but he prevented her by catching her hand.

"I came hither, Madam (ſaid he in a ſullen voice), on purpoſe to converſe with you; I cannot therefore let you depart abruptly."

"Well, Sir (cried Madeline), I am ready to hear whatever you wiſh to ſay."

"But will you promiſe not to hear without regarding it?" demanded he in a gentler tone than he had before uſed.

"I never make promiſes I am not certain of fulfilling," replied Madeline.

"'Tis impoſſible (ſaid he) to expreſs the mortification, the diſappointment, I feel in conſequence of your rejection of the propoſals which I made this morning; propoſals approved by your father, and alſo ſanctioned by the Marquis. Surely (he continued), you ſhould not have rejected them, without being aſſured that their acceptance never could have contributed to your happineſs; an

an aſſurance it is impoſſible you can have from your total ignorance of my ſon."

"Hopes which cannot be realized, cannot be too ſoon ſuppreſſed," exclaimed Madeline.

"And why, without knowing him, can you be ſo determined on deſtroying his hopes? (aſked D'Alembert). Only ſee him —only hear him,—and then reject, if then you can diſapprove."

"Was your ſon (ſaid Madeline) all that the moſt romantic imagination can conceive of perfection, I would reject him."

"You would!" (exclaimed D'Alembert) dropping her hand.

"I would," repeated Madeline.

"Did you ever hear aught againſt him?" demanded he, again catching her hand, and looking ſteadily upon her.

"Even ſuppoſing any thing could be alledged againſt him (replied Madeline, wiſhing to evade this queſtion), in the family of his wife and mother-in-law, was it likely, do

do you think I ſhould hear any thing to his prejudice?"

"'Tis evident (ſaid D'Alembert, after muſing a few minutes), that your heart is pre-engaged; nothing elſe could account for your abſolute rejection of a man you never ſaw."

"Nothing elſe," repeated Madeline involuntarily, and looking in his face.

"No! confeſs, therefore that what I ſay, is true."

"Well (cried Madeline), if I do confeſs that my heart is devoted to another, will you drop all ſolicitation for your ſon?"

"No, never," exclaimed he in a furious voice, and with an inflamed countenance.

Madeline now attempted to free her hand. "I inſiſt, Sir (ſaid ſhe), upon your releaſing me immediately."

"I will, if you firſt promiſe to let my ſon plead his own cauſe on coming to the caſtle."

"Never," cried Madeline with vehemence, and ſtruggling to diſengage herſelf.

"Are

"Are you then indeed inflexible? does that ſoft boſom really hide an obdurate heart? can no pity influence you to compaſſionate the pangs my ſon will feel when he hears of your rejection?"

"I never can feel pity for the pangs of diſappointed avarice and ambition (replied Madeline); and avarice and ambition, I am convinced, alone influence your ſon's addreſſes to me; for how can he love or admire an object whoſe virtues he never knew, whoſe form he never ſaw? Your perſecution, Sir, has forced me to be explicit: drop it, if you wiſh me to conceal my opinion."

"Inſolent girl!" cried D'Alembert, flinging away her hand, and ſtamping on the ground.

A kind of terror pervaded the breaſt of Madeline at his violence; and ſhe was hurrying to the caſtle when he overtook, and again ſtopped her.

"Inſolent

"Inſolent girl! (he repeated, graſping her hand, and looking at her with a fiend-like countenance); but ſuch is the effect which unexpected elevation ever has upon little minds, raiſed from a cottage to a palace. Your head grows giddy, and you think you may with impunity look down upon the reſt of mankind with contempt; you imagine there's nothing to fear;—but beware of indulging ſuch an idea, leſt too late you ſhould find it erroneous. The pinnacle of greatneſs upon which you ſtand, already totters: beware leſt by your conduct you provoke the breath which can in a moment overthrow it."

So ſaying, he once more flung her hand from him; and, turning into another path, left her abruptly, ſo much thunderſtruck by his words, that for a few minutes ſhe had not power to move. At length recovering her faculties, ſhe condemned herſelf for weakneſs in permitting his expreſſions to affect her; expreſſions which ſhe could only impute to

malice

malice and reſentment for her rejection of his ſon. "He wiſhed (ſaid ſhe), by alarming me, to be revenged in ſome degree, or elſe he imagined me weak, and hoped, by raiſing bugbears to my view, to terrify me to his purpoſe."

Her contempt and diſlike were both increaſed by theſe ideas; and ſhe reſolved never more, if poſſible, to avoid it, to liſten to his particular converſation.

She haſtened to the caſtle, and in the gallery adjoining her chamber, met her father. "Well (aſked he), has D'Alembert declared his diſappointment to you? he ſought you I know for the purpoſe of doing ſo."

"He has (replied Madeline); and I ſincerely hope for the laſt time." She then enquired how her grandfather bore the rejection of his relative.

"As I expected (anſwered St. Julian); he declared his readineſs to relinquiſh any alliance that accorded not with your inclination."

Madeline, without repeating all D'Alembert had ſaïd, now acknowledged that ſhe felt herſelf too much agitated, in conſequence of his converſation, to be able to mingle in ſociety again that evening. Her father accordingly promiſed to apologize for her abſence below ſtairs; and the remainder of the evening ſhe paſſed alone.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

'Twas at an hour when buſy Nature lay
Diſſolv'd in ſlumbers from the noiſy day;
When gloomy ſhades and duſky atoms ſpread
A darkneſs o'er the univerſal bed,
And all the gaudy beams of light were fled.

THE enſuing day Madeline was again teaſed with the importunities of D'Alembert: in vain ſhe aſſured him her reſolution was unalterable, in vain declared, that if his ſon came to the caſtle but for the purpoſe of addreſſing her, as he intimated, ſhe would confine herſelf to her chamber. He ſtill continued to perſecute her.

Finding her own arguments ineffectual, ſhe ſpoke to her father to try his influence. He accordingly remonſtrated with D'Alembert; and requeſted him, in rather a peremptory manner, to drop a ſubject ſo unpleaſing.

In conſequence of this requeſt, ſhe was unmoleſted with any ſolicitation the next day; but whenever her eyes encountered D'Alembert, an involuntary terror pervaded her heart at beholding the dark and malignant glances with which he regarded her: ſhe ſtrove, but in vain, to reaſon herſelf out of it; and felt, without knowing why, as if ſhe was in his power.

When the hour for reſt arrived, ſhe diſmiſſed her attendant; but ſhe, inſtead of repairing to bed, took up a book, with a hope of being enabled, through its means, to amuſe and compoſe her thoughts. They were too much diſturbed, however, to permit this hope

hope to be realiſed, and ſhe ſoon threw it aſide.

"Unconſcious of any crime, unacquainted with D'Alembert almoſt till the preſent day, what (ſhe aſked herſelf, trying to reaſon away her terror), have I to fear from him? nothing on my own account.—(She pauſed; ſhe muſed for a few minutes). But my father—(ſhe trembled, and ſtarted)—I know not the myſteries of his life! D'Alembert may not be equally ignorant, and through his heart perhaps intends to aim at mine." The recollected threat of D'Alembert rendered this idea but too probable; and agonies which no tongue could expreſs directly ſeized her ſoul.

For ſome minutes the powers of articulation were ſuſpended. At length, with a deep ſigh and uplifted hands, ſhe implored the protection of Heaven. "Truſting in that protection (cried ſhe), which can defeat

the malice of the moſt vile, Oh! let me again endeavour to regain ſome compoſure; let me alſo endeavour not to be too ready in anticipating evil."

She felt ſtill diſinclined to ſleep, yet gladly would ſhe have cloſed her eyes upon the gloom of her chamber—a gloom, rendered more awful by the profound ſtillneſs of the caſtle, and which was calculated to inſpire ideas not eaſily to be reſiſted in the preſent ſtate of her mind.

In ſhort, imaginary horrors ſoon began to ſucceed the real ones that had lately agitated her; yet ſcarcely was ſhe infected by them ere ſhe bluſhed from a conviction of weakneſs, and reſolved on going to bed. She began to undreſs, though with a trembling hand; nor could refrain from ſtarting as the low murmurs of the wind (which now, in the decline of autumn, frequently growled through the foreſt, and

ſhook

ſhook the old battlements of the caſtle) ſounded through her chamber.

She had not proceeded far in undreſſing, when ſhe was ſuddenly alarmed by the ſhaking of the tapeſtry which hung behind the table at which ſhe ſtood. Appalled, ſhe ſtarted back; yet at the next inſtant was returning, under the idea of its having only been agitated by the wind, when again ſhe ſaw it raiſed, and could then perfectly diſtinguiſh a human form behind it: with a wild and piercing ſhriek ſhe inſtantly fled to the door; but ere her trembling hand could withdraw the ruſty bolt, ſhe was rudely ſeized.

Hopeleſs of mercy, ſhe attempted not to ſupplicate it, but cloſed her eyes, unwilling to behold her executioner; for that a ruffian had ſecreted himſelf in her apartment, for the purpoſe of robbery and murder, ſhe could not doubt.

From agonies, which only thoſe who have been in a ſituation of equal danger can imagine or deſcribe, ſhe was ſoon however relieved by the voice of D'Alembert.

"Madeline (he cried, as he ſupported her upon his breaſt), revive; I come not to injure, but to entreat."

"Oh, heavens! (ſaid ſhe, opening her eyes, and wildly gazing on him), do I hear, do I behold aright?"

"Be compoſed (exclaimed he), I again entreat you; you have nothing to fear."

"Nothing to fear! (repeated Madeline as ſhe diſengaged herſelf from him), if I have nothing to fear, I have at leaſt much to be offended at. Whence this intruſion, Sir?—Is it right, is it honourable, to ſteal like a midnight aſſaſſin to my chamber?"

"You yourſelf have compelled me to this conduct (he replied); you refuſed to hear me, and conſequently forced me to deviſe a ſcheme to make you liſten——"

"To

"To make me liſten! (repeated Madeline with haughtineſs); no, Sir,—no ſcheme, no ſtratagem ſhall effect that purpoſe. Begone! (cried ſhe, laying her hand upon the door) if you wiſh to avoid the puniſhment your temerity deſerves."

"Suppreſs this haughtineſs (ſaid he, ſeizing her hands, and dragging her from the door ere ſhe had power to open it); believe me, like your threats, it is unavailing. Hear me you muſt—hear me you ſhall: nay, more, you ſhall comply with what I deſire."

"Never!" exclaimed Madeline in a reſolute voice, and ſtruggling to free herſelf.

"Then you ſhall tremble for the ſafety of a father," cried D'Alembert.

Madeline trembled; her heart grew cold; ſhe ceaſed her ſtruggles, and looked with mingled terror and melancholy upon him.

"Yes; I repeat (ſaid he), you ſhall tremble for the ſafety of a father: I am the miniſter of fate to him; and only your accept-

ance of the propoſals of my ſon can ſave him from that which now hangs over him."

"What fate that is not happy can he have provoked?" aſked Madeline in a faint voice.

"I will not ſhock your ear (he replied), by divulging to you the one he merits; be ſatisfied, however, that all I know concerning him, and with the moſt important events of his life I am acquainted, ſhall be carefully concealed, if you ſwear ſolemnly, ſwear this minute to accept the hand of my ſon."

"No, (cried Madeline, after a moment's conſideration, during which an idea ſtruck her, that his inſinuations againſt her father might be falſe, invented merely for the purpoſe of terrifying her into a promiſe which could not afterwards be cancelled), I will not ſwear; I will not take an oath my ſoul revolts againſt fulfilling."

"You are determined then." ſaid D'Alembert with a forced calmneſs, while an aſhy paleneſs ſtole upon his cheek.

"Unal-

"Unalterably determined," replied Madeline.

"But your reſolution could be ſhaken, if you believed my allegations againſt your father."

"I truſt I never ſhall have reaſon to believe them," ſaid Madeline.

"Unhappy girl! dearly will you pay for your want of faith in me."

As he ſpoke, he put his hand into his boſom, and drew forth a ſmall dagger.

Madeline recoiled a few paces, and involuntarily dropped upon her knees. "Oh, D'Alembert! (cried ſhe with a quivering lip), have mercy upon your own ſoul, and ſpare me!"

"Be not alarmed (ſaid he), I mean not to harm you; the blood of innocence ſhall not again, at leaſt by my means, pollute this dagger: receive it (continued he), as a preſent for your father; when he looks upon it, you

will be convinced I ſpoke but truth this night."

"Oh! in pity tell me (ſaid Madeline with claſped hands), what you know concerning him, and terminate the horrors of ſuſpenſe."

"No; the events of his life will come better from himſelf; events, which his knowing this dagger comes from me, will convince him I am acquainted with; events, which ſhall be buried in oblivion, if you remain no longer inflexible. To-morrow I ſhall again enquire your determination; if unpropitious, the long-ſuſpended ſword of juſtice ſhall at length ſtrike. Farewell! your own obſtinacy has provoked your preſent pain."

So ſaying, he abruptly quitted the chamber, notwithſtanding the entreaties of Madeline to remain a few minutes longer, and explain his terrifying and myſterious language.

Left

Left to the dreadful ſolitude of her chamber, ſhe continued a conſiderable time longer upon her knees, with her eyes fixed upon the dagger, which lay at a little diſtance from her. At length, ſlowly riſing, ſhe advanced to it, and taking it up, brought it to the light to examine it; the hilt was curiouſly ſtudded with precious ſtones, but the blade was almoſt entirely covered with ruſt.

"He ſaid (cried Madeline in a hollow voice), that the blood of innocence polluted it. Oh, God! (continued ſhe, letting it drop with horror from her), in whoſe hand was it clenched at that fearful moment!"

The ſuſpicions, which had agitated her on her firſt entrance into the caſtle, again ruſhed upon her mind; but when nearly ſinking beneath them, the aſſurance her father had given her of being utterly unconcerned in the fate of Lord Philippe recurred to her recollection, and cheered her fainting heart.

" He ſaid he was innocent (exclaimed ſhe), and to doubt his truth were impious; what then have I to fear from the threats of D'Alembert?"

But the calm produced by this idea was of ſhort duration. Though aſſured of his innocence relative to Lord Philippe, ſhe recollected ſhe had never received an aſſurance of his being equally guiltleſs with regard to every other being: ſhe recollected alſo the words of her departed friend, that the characters of his life were marked by horror, and ſtained with blood; and ſhe ſhuddered at the too probable ſuppoſition of his having been involved in ſome deed as dreadful as that which ſhe at firſt ſuſpected—a deed with which it was evident D'Alembert was too well acquainted.

" Oh, let me then no longer heſitate how to act (exclaimed ſhe),—let me no longer delay devoting myſelf to ſave my father! and yet (continued ſhe, after the reflection

flection of a minute), how am I convinced that my father is in the power of D'Alembert? may he not have said so merely for the purpose of frightening me into compliance with his wishes? should I not therefore be rash in the extreme if I doomed myself to misery without a conviction that my father's preservation depended on my doing so? But how can I doubt his veracity (proceeded she, wildly starting from the chair on which she had flung herself), how imagine he would ever make allegations he could not support? and yet, perhaps, he made them under the idea that I would never enquire into their truth: but shocked, appalled at the first intimation of danger to my father, promise at once to become the wife of his son: I will not then make that promise, till assured there is a necessity for doing so."

But how was she to receive this assurance? how—without enquiring from her father concerning the former events of his life? and, in making those enquiries, what painful

ful recollections might not be awakened? what horrible fears might not be ſuggeſted?

"Oh, God! (cried ſhe, kneeling upon the ground, half diſtracted with her incertitude how to act), teach me what I ought to do! Oh, let me not, in trying to avoid miſery myſelf, draw miſery upon him for whom I would willingly lay down my life."

The night paſſed away in a ſtate of wretchedneſs which cannot be deſcribed, and the morning ſurpriſed her ſtill undetermined. The buſtle of the riſing domeſtics at length made her recall her ſcattered thoughts, and recollect the neceſſity there was for appearing compoſed. She accordingly adjuſted her hair, put on a morning-dreſs, and ſeated herſelf at a window with a book. Never was diſſimulation ſo painful; agonized by conflicting terrors, ſcarcely

ſcarcely could ſhe prevent herſelf from traverſing her room with a diſtracted ſtep.

At the uſual hour, a ſervant came to inform her breakfaſt was ready. Madeline deſired her to bring up a cup of coffee as ſhe was rather indiſpoſed; but charged her, at the ſame time, not to alarm the Marquis or her father. As ſoon as ſhe was gone, Madeline took up the dagger, which the ſkirt of her robe had concealed, and went into her dreſſing-room, with an intention of locking it up in a cabinet; reſolving, in the courſe of the morning, to have another converſation with D'Alembert, and determine by that how ſhe ſhould act.

She had juſt unlocked the cabinet, when ſhe felt her arm ſuddenly graſped. She ſtarted; and, turning with quickneſs, beheld her father. The dagger inſtantly dropped from her trembling hand; and, recoiling a few paces, ſhe ſtood motionleſs, gazing alternately at it and St. Julian.

With

With the quickneſs of lightning he ſnatched it from the ground: but ſcarcely had his eye glanced on it, ere he let it fall; and, turning with a death-like countenance to her, demanded, in a faltering voice—from whence, or from whom ſhe had got it?

"From D'Alembert," replied the almoſt fainting Madeline.

"From him! (repeated St. Julian, ſtriking his breaſt, and ſtarting); Oh, heavens! by what means did it come into his poſſeſſion?"

"I know not," ſaid Madeline.

"But you know the fearful ſtory with which it is connected."

"Oh, my father! (cried Madeline), do not queſtion me."

"This inſtant (exclaimed he in a frantic manner, advancing to her, and graſping her hands), declare what D'Alembert ſaid; without heſitation, without equivocation, let me know all he told you."

"Oh, my father! (ſaid Madeline ſinking on her knees), do not be thus agitated."

"Once

"Once more (cried he), I command you to tell me all that paſſed between you and D'Alembert; if you longer delay, you will work me up to frenzy."

Thus urged, Madeline, in ſcarcely intelligible accents, and ſtill kneeling, revealed the dreadful converſation. After ſhe had concluded, St. Julian continued ſome minutes ſilent, immoveable, and in an attitude of horror which almoſt froze her heart. He then knelt beſide her; and, wrapping his arms round her, ſtrained her in convulſive agitation to his breaſt, and leaned his head upon her ſhoulder.

At length, raiſing it, he looked up to heaven—"Almighty God! (he cried) I bend before thy will; thy chaſtiſement is juſt, though dreadful; and vain are the arts by which we would elude it. The hour of retribution, though ſometimes delayed, is never forgotten. Oh, my child! dear pledge of a tender, though diſaſtrous love! ſweet image

image of the moſt lovely and injured of women! conſcious that I merited the vengeance of Heaven, not on my own account, but thine, did I wiſh to ward off the blow of juſtice; I wiſhed to ſave thy gentle nature from the bitter pangs of ſeeing thy father dragged to torture, and the yet bitterer pangs of knowing he deſerved it. But that wiſh is fruſtrated at the very time when its fruſtration was leaſt expected; no doubt for the wiſeſt purpoſes, to prove to mankind that guilt can never hope for laſting concealment. How my unfortunate ſtory became known to D'Alembert, I cannot conceive; but that it is, that fatal inſtrument of death too plainly proves. Yes, he ſpoke truth when he ſaid the blood of innocence had polluted it; it did, and now cries aloud for mine."

"Oh, horror!" groaned Madeline.

"In mercy, in pity to me (exclaimed St. Julian, again ſtraining her to his boſom), try to compoſe your feelings! Oh, let me not have the excruciating miſery of thinking I deſtroyed my child: exert your reſolution, my

my Madeline, and live to reconcile mankind, by your virtues, to the memory of your father."

"But though D'Alembert (cried Madeline, whoſe recollection ſudden horror had for a few minutes ſuſpended), is acquainted with your ſtory, there is a method (ſhe continued, riſing from the floor), to prevail on him to conceal it."

"A method which I will never ſuffer you to adopt (exclaimed St. Julian); Oh, never ſhall my child be ſacrificed to ſave my life."

"Ah, little do you know the ſoul of your child, if you ſuppoſe ſhe will leave untried any expedient that may ſave you. Hear her ſolemnly ſwear (cried ſhe, again kneeling), by that Being ſhe worſhips—by the ſpirit of her mother—by all that is holy in his ſight, to become the wife of young D'Alembert, if by doing ſo ſhe can bind his father to inviolable ſecrecy."

"My ineſtimable child! (ſaid St. Julian, raiſing and embracing her); alas! what a wretch

wretch am I to think I have doomed you to miſery!"

"No (cried Madeline), you have not; my fate cannot be miſerable if I know it has mitigated your's."

"I will no longer delay revealing my ſad ſtory to you (ſaid St. Julian); perhaps after hearing it, ſome other expedient than a marriage with D'Alembert may ſtrike you for preſerving me.

"You expect, no doubt (reſumed he after he had ſecured the doors, and ſeated himſelf by her), a tale of horrors; alas! that expectation will be but too dreadfully fulfilled!"

CHAP. V.

Prepare to hear
A ſtory that ſhall turn thee into ſtone.
Could there be hewn a monſtrous gap in Nature,
A flaw made through the centre by ſome god,
Thro' which the groans of ghoſts might ſtrike thine ear,
They would not wound thee as this ſtory will.

"DO not be too much ſhocked, my love (cried St. Julian) on finding that I deviated from truth, which in the courſe of this narrative you muſt diſcover; that deviation was occaſioned by tenderneſs for you; for I was well convinced of the miſery you would feel if I confeſſed the involuntary ſuſpicions you entertained

entertained of me on our firſt coming to the caſtle were well founded;—alas! they were too juſt!"

He ſtopped for a minute as if overcome by agony; then again addreſſing her—"you recollect, I ſuppoſe (ſaid he) all the particulars I informed you of in our journey hither?"

"I do," ſaid Madeline.

"I told you (reſumed he) of the letter I received from my brother, requeſting me to leave my elizium on the Alps, and of my meeting him in purſuance of it in the foreſt of Montmorenci. He was ſo much altered, that had I met him elſewhere by chance, I ſhould ſcarcely have known him. He told me he had been long indiſpoſed, and that it was in conſequence of his indiſpoſition and the languid ſtate of his ſpirits, that he had requeſted to ſee me, certain that my preſence wonld operate like a rich cordial upon him.

"In the cottage where he had lodged me on the commencement of our acquaintance, he again procured a chamber for me; it ſtood at

at the extremity of the foreſt, and belonged to a brother of Lafroy's, who was then valet to Lord Philippe; and by him I was introduced at it as an unfortunate young man taken under the patronage of his Lord.

"Every morning I met my brother, but met him without having the pleaſure of ſeeing his health in the leaſt amended. My regret at the continuance of his illneſs, joined to my uneaſineſs at being abſent from home, rendered me extremely unhappy. I had been about a fortnight at the cottage, when one morning as I was preparing to walk out as uſual to meet Lord Philippe, a letter arrived by a ſtrange ſervant from the caſtle, informing me that he was ſo extremely ill he could not leave his room; and therefore requeſted, as the length of his confinement was uncertain, I would no longer delay returning home on his account.

"Notwithſtanding this requeſt, notwithſtanding my ſtrong anxiety, my ardent wiſhes to be again in that dear home, which contained a being more precious to me than

exiſtence, I could not bear the idea of departing, till aſſured he was at leaſt out of danger.

" I wrote to this purpoſe, and entreated to hear from him as ſoon as poſſible. The day wore away, however, without any other tidings from the caſtle. As I ſat, at its cloſe, in a melancholy manner in my little chamber, ruminating over paſt ſcenes, and ſometimes trying to cheer my heart by anticipating the happineſs I ſhould experience in again folding my Geraldine to it, I was ſuddenly ſtartled by a loud knock at the cottage-door. Full of the idea of receiving a letter from the caſtle, I was ruſhing all impatience from the room, when the ſound of a ſtrange voice arreſted my ſteps, and I was ſoon convinced that the man whom my hoſt admitted had no buſineſs with me.

" I therefore returned to my ſeat, and was again ſinking into a reverie, when a few words from the next room, which was only divided from mine by a thin partition, completely

pletely rouſed me, and made me, I may ſay, become all ear.

'Well, Claude (aſked my hoſt in a familiar voice), what journey have you been taking this time?'

'The old one (replied Claude); I have been to ſee my godfather who lives upon the Alps; he always makes me a handſome preſent when I viſit him.'

'So he ſhould, I am ſure (ſaid his companion); viſiting him muſt be plaguy troubleſome, conſidering the long and dangerous way you have to go.'

'Who do you think I met travelling that way this morning?' cried Claude.

'I am ſure 'tis impoſſible for me to gueſs,' replied Joſephe, the name of my hoſt.

'No other than our young Lord the Marquis of Montmorenci's ſon,' ſaid Claude, poſting away as if the devil was at his heels.'

'Our young Lord! (repeated Joſephe in a tone of aſtoniſhment), no, I'll be ſworn you did not meet him; why, man, he is at this

very moment confined to his room by a violent illneſs.'

'Well or ill, I ſay I met him (vociferated Claude, as if angry at being doubted), and your brother Lafroy along with him.'

'Your eyes certainly deceived you (ſaid Joſephe); what in the name of wonder ſhould induce him to report he was ill except he really was ſo, or bring him the way you ſaid you met him.'

'I certainly cannot aſſign a reaſon for his pretending illneſs (replied Claude); but I can give a very ſufficient one for his journey to the Alps; has Lafroy never informed you?'

'No, never.'

'Ah, he is a cloſe dog; he could have told you a great deal if he had had a mind, for he is quite in the confidence of his maſter. But to my ſtory; you muſt know near the cottage of my godfather there ſtands a fine old caſtle, now inhabited by an Iriſhman of diſtinction, who was driven from his own country by ſome troubles in the ſtate.

On

On the two daughters of this nobleman the daughter of my godfather attends. About five months ago I was at his cottage. One evening, as the ſun was ſetting, I attended him to collect his flocks which fed upon the heights ſurrounding the caſtle, and pen them for the night. While thus employed, from the court of the caſtle the moſt enchanting muſic ſtole upon mine ear: delighted with the ſounds, I inſtantly pauſed, and turned to the place from whence they proceeded.'

'Tis the two young ladies you hear (ſaid my companion); they both ſing, and play upon the lute divinely; it often does my old heart good to hear them.'

'Lord (cried I), I wiſh I could have a peep at them.'

'You may eaſily gratify that wiſh (replied he), the wall about the court is broke in many places.'

'I inſtantly flew to it, and beheld two of the moſt lovely creatures imagination can conceive. After feaſting my eyes ſome minutes, I careleſſly caſt them upon two gen-

tlemen who ſat beſide them; gueſs the aſtoniſhment of that moment when I diſcovered one of thoſe gentlemen to be the Count St. Julian.'

'I directly haſtened to my godfather; informed him of the diſcovery I had made; and enquired from him whether he knew what had brought the Count to the caſtle.

'He ſmiled, and ſhook his head ſignificantly. 'Chance (ſaid he) firſt brought him to it, and inclination made him afterwards repeat the viſit; he is a great friend to the family; he has lately provided a huſband for the younger daughter.'

'He was ſecure of the eldeſt himſelf then I ſuppoſe (ſaid I); for faith I think no man of any feeling could give up one handſome girl till ſure of another to ſupply her place.'

'My godfather ſmiled; and ſome expreſſions dropped from him which excited my curioſity: but I queſtioned him in vain; like your brother Lafroy, he was a cloſe codger, and refuſed to gratify me. I then determined to apply to his daughter: ſhe came generally every

every morning to pay her duty to him. If a real woman (ſaid I to myſelf), ſhe will be glad of an opportunity to communicate a ſecret. I accordingly watched for her the next day: ſhe came as I expected; but, inſtead of letting her enter the cottage, I prevailed on her to take a walk with me. I ſoon introduced the ſubject I wiſhed to converſe about.

'Your father, my dear (ſaid I), informs me that my Lord is a great friend to the family you live with.'

'Ah, Mr. Claude (cried ſhe), thoſe who imagine he is a friend to the family are ſadly miſtaken; it would have been a happy thing he had never entered it.'

'Why, my ſoul (aſked I), has he ſtole away the heart of one of the young ladies?'

She ſhook her head;—'It does not become me to tell family ſecrets.'

'No, to be ſure (ſaid I), not to ſtrangers; but to a perſon you know ſo well as you do me, there is not the leaſt harm in the world in telling them.'

'Ah, if you could but make me believe that, I could tell you ſomething would aſtoniſh you.'

'When a woman once begins to waver, we are ſure of our point: I ſoon prevailed on my little companion to open her whole budget.'

'Tis now ſome months (ſaid ſhe) ſince the Count St. Julian firſt entered Lord Dunlere's caſtle. Returning from Italy, he met with an accident near it which induced my Lord to offer him a lodging till able to continue his journey. The moment he and my Lady Geraldine beheld each other, they were mutually ſmitten; and, in conſequence of this attachment, they both deviſed a thouſand excuſes for his ſtaying in the caſtle long after he was expected to leave it. At length he departed. Never ſhall I forget the wailing and weeping his going occaſioned; my Lady Geraldine became but the ſhadow of herſelf, and wandered about like a ghoſt.

'One

'One morning ſhe called me into her chamber; and, after locking her door, 'My dear Blanche (ſaid ſhe with a flood of tears), I am now going to place the greateſt confidence in you; a confidence which muſt convince you I think you a prudent, ſenſible, clever girl, one quite above the lower claſs.'

'I was quite confuſed by her praiſes, and could only courteſy, and ſay I hoped ſhe never would have reaſon to repent any confidence ſhe repoſed in me.

'She then proceeded to ſay that the Count St. Julian had not only engaged her affections, but injured her honour; and that ſhe was now in a ſituation that muſt ſoon expoſe her to open diſgrace.

'I dare not tell my father or my ſiſter (cried ſhe); counſel me therefore, my deareſt girl, how to act; though, alas! I have little hope that any advice will benefit me, as the ſilence of the Count ſince his departure inclines me to believe he will never fulfil his promiſes of marriage.'

'You muſt try him, Ma'am (ſaid I as ſoon as I had recovered from my aſtoniſhment, and collected my wits together); write him one of the moſt cutting letters you can think of; and tell him you expect, as a man and a gentleman, he will make you immediate reparation for his injuries, by giving you his hand in marriage.

'She accordingly wrote a letter to this purpoſe; and, at the expected time, an anſwer arrived, in which he informed her he ſtill loved her to diſtraction; but that as to marriage, it was quite out of the queſtion on account of his father, who would, he knew, if he ſo united himſelf, deprive him of all proviſion. He bid her, however, keep up her ſpirits, adding he would ſoon be at the caſtle; and had deviſed a ſcheme for preſerving her from the indignation of her father, ſhould her ſituation be diſcovered to him.

'Well, you may be convinced, we waited moſt impatiently for his arrival. He came ſoon after the receipt of his letter, accompanied

nied by a very fine young man, the ſame you ſaw with him in the court laſt night; and my young lady was all anxiety till the ſcheme he had hinted at was diſcloſed to her. A villainous ſcheme, you will ſay,—no other than to have a marriage made up between my young lady and Monſieur Lauſane, his companion.

'He is a natural ſon of my father's (ſaid he to my lady; for I was in a cloſet adjoining the chamber in which they ſat, and conſequently heard all their converſation); and I mean, as ſoon as I come into poſſeſſion of my paternal fortune, to make a handſome proviſion for him; this I ſhall mention to the Earl as a means of inducing him to conſent to your union with him—an union, by which you will be guarded againſt your father's indignation ſhould he ever diſcover our connection, as he muſt then know the dreadful conſequences that would attend its expoſure;—an union alſo, which will give me a pretext, from our relationſhip, of

viſiting you much oftener than I could otherwiſe do.'

'It was long, however, ere he could prevail on my poor lady to agree to his propoſal; and nothing at laſt could have extorted her conſent to it, but the hope of being ſhielded by her marriage from the rage of her father. Her conſent once obtained, every thing was ſoon ſettled according to the Count's wiſhes. It was with difficulty (continued Blanche) I could prevail on myſelf to keep what I knew a ſecret from Monſieur Lauſane; it grieved my very heart and ſoul to think ſo fine a young man ſhould be ſo impoſed upon.'

'But, Blanche (ſaid I), did you not ſay that Lady Geraldine was in a certain ſituation, and will not a premature birth open the eyes of her huſband to the deceit that has been practiſed on him?'

'Oh, we have guarded againſt all that (replied ſhe); about the time ſhe expects to be confined, the Count St. Julian is to feign illneſs at the caſtle of Montmorenci, and write to his brother to pay him a viſit. He

is then to keep him there till my lady is recovered, and the child ſent out of the way, whom he has promiſed to provide for.'

"How ſhall I deſcribe the feelings that roſe in my ſoul (proceeded St. Julian), as I liſtened to this horrible narrative? Not a doubt could I entertain of its authenticity; every recollected circumſtance—the ſudden friendſhip of my brother, notwithſtanding the prejudices inſtilled into his mind againſt me by his father—the ready compliance of Lady Geraldine with my wiſhes, notwithſtanding the ſhort time we had been acquainted, and her knowing that I was an outcaſt from the houſe which ſhould have ſheltered me,—altogether proved that I was a dupe to the moſt perfidious art.

"Yes (I exclaimed within myſelf), my credulous nature has been impoſed upon; and thoſe whom I moſt loved, moſt truſted, have undone me. In the language of a poet of a ſiſter country I might have ſaid—

Two, two ſuch,
(Oh! there's no further name), two ſuch to me,
To me, who lock'd my ſoul within your breaſt,
Had no deſire, no joy, no life, but you.
——————————I had no uſe,
No fruit of all, but you;—a friend and miſtreſs
Was all the world could give. Oh!—
————how could you betray
This tender heart, which, with an infant fondneſs,
Lay lull'd between your boſom, and there ſlept
Secure of injur'd faith. I can forgive
A foe, but not a miſtreſs and a friend;
Treaſon is there in its moſt horrid ſhape
Where truſt is greateſt, and the ſoul reſign'd
Is ſtabb'd by her own guards.

"I could only reſtrain myſelf till the narrative was concluded. The tempeſt in my boſom then broke forth, and, ruſhing into the next room, with the gripe, the fury of a lion, I ſeized the narrator, and bid him, as he valued his exiſtence, inſtantly prove or diſprove the truth of his aſſertions.

'By what right (cried he), do you deſire this?'

"By

"By the right of Lauſane," vociferated I, in a voice of thunder.

'Lauſane! (repeated he, looking ſteadily upon me); ah! 'tis but too true; I now recollect your features. Well, it can't be help'd; the miſchief is out, and there's an end of it. If it will give you any ſatisfaction, maſter, I will ſolemnly ſwear, that what I have told my friend Joſephe here, I heard from Blanche, and ſhe, I am ſure, would not utter a falſehood: people ſeldom commit a ſin without intending to derive ſome benefit from it; and what could accrue to her by defaming her miſtreſs? I will alſo ſwear, that I met your brother this morning aſcending the Alps; and that, while I was at the cottage of my godfather, Blanche told me that you had left home, and that her lady had lain in two days after your departure of a fine boy, who had been removed by her to a neighbouring cottage.'

"Ere I go in queſt of vengeance (I cried, relinquiſhing my hold), I will aſcertain whether the Count has left the caſtle.'

"I

" I muffled myſelf up in a large cloak, and directly haſtened to it. I thought my heart would have burſt my boſom while waiting to have my enquiry anſwered.

' My young Lord (ſaid the porter) departed this morning, attended but by one ſervant; where he is gone, or when he will return, is not known.'

" Never will he return to theſe walls, exclaimed I inwardly as I turned from them.

" I re-entered the cottage merely to procure a horſe from Joſephe, in order to expedite my journey to the foot of the Alps; he tried to make me delay it, and endeavoured to allay my fury; I curſed him for the effort.

' You only aggravate the poor gentleman's feelings (ſaid Claude to him); Lord! who can wonder at his being enraged at the vile impoſition practiſed upon him? for my part, I think him ſo injured, that I am determined he ſhall have my ſervices, if he will accept them, to the laſt drop of my blood;

I would

I would aſſiſt him in puniſhing his perfidious brother.'

"I extended my hand. I accept your proffered ſervices (cried I); not to puniſh my deceiver, but to trace out for me every minute particular of his guilt, ere my vengeance falls upon him.

"He accordingly accompanied me to the Alps. We travelled with almoſt incredible expedition, and the ſecond evening I found myſelf near that ſpot which but the day before I had thought of as a paradiſe. Unable to ſupport the ſight of it, I ſtopped, and, ſeating myſelf in the cavity of a rock, deſired Claude to proceed, and gather what particulars he could from Blanche concerning the viſit of the Count; charging him, at the ſame time, carefully to conceal my return from her, alſo my knowledge of the baſe deceit which had been practiſed on me, leſt her regard for her miſtreſs ſhould make her inform her of the whole, and thus, in all probability, by putting her and my betrayer upon their guard, baffle the revenge I meant to take--a revenge which

which to hear of will make you tremble! I reſolved on murdering my brother! after which it was my determination to haſten to the caſtle, acquaint the Earl with the baſeneſs of his daughter, and terminate my exiſtence in her ſight.

"To his own ingenuity I left Claude to account for his unexpected return to the Alps; the minutes ſeemed hours till he came back to me.

"At length he appeared, and with a face full of importance—'Well, maſter (ſaid he), I have ſeen Blanche. I ſhall not tire you by mentioning the excuſes I made to her for my ſudden appearance; ſuffice it to ſay, they were received in the manner I wiſhed.'

"The Count," cried I impatiently.

'Arrived a few hours ago (ſaid he), and is now in the chamber of Lady Geraldine, to which he was privately conducted by Blanche, who, in conſequence of her lady's letter, was on the watch for him.

'She

'She aſſigned a reaſon for what appeared ſo ſtrange to us, namely, his having requeſted you to return home. He told Lady Geraldine he did ſo, fearful that, if you longer continued in the vicinity of Montmorenci Caſtle, you would diſcover his abſence from it, and well knowing that here he could be concealed from you. He is now about leaving her for the night.'

"And whither does he go?" cried I, ſtarting from my ſeat.

'He is to lodge in the cottage where his child is, (replied Claude); it ſtands upon yonder acclivity, and this is the way to it.'

"Enough (ſaid I), retire."

"He began to entreat permiſſion to remain with me, but I haſtily interrupted him. "I muſt not be oppoſed (cried I); my converſation with my brother will not admit of witneſſes. Farewell! retire to repoſe, and accept of my thanks and purſe for your ſervices."

'Neither,

'Neither, maſter (replied he); what I did was not from intereſted motives, but a pure wiſh of having perfidy puniſhed.'

"I flung away the purſe he had rejected, and motioned him to depart.

"The moment he was out of ſight, I drew forth a dagger with which I always travelled, the one which the father of Elvira had given me, and the ſame with which I had attempted my life in the foreſt of Montmorenci; and, ſtationing myſelf behind a projecting fragment of rock, impatiently watched for my deſtined victim. The place in which I ſtood, ſeemed particularly adapted for a a ſcene of horror: it was a little gloomy vale, ſunk between ſtupendous mountains, bleak and bare of vegetation, crowned with ſnow, and full of frightful cavities, through which the wind grumbled with a dreadful violence. At laſt Lord Phillipe appeared. Notwithſtanding the deteſtation with which I then regarded him, never had he appeared ſo intereſting to me; his pace was mournful and ſlow; and ever and anon he pauſed,

and

and looked back, as if, inſpired by ſome prophetic ſpirit, he was bidding what he knew would be a laſt adieu to the manſion he had quitted. As he drew near, I ſaw his cheek was pale, and the traces of tears upon it:—tears, ſaid I, which he has ſhed over his Geraldine, at the relation of the dangers ſhe has paſſed.

"When he was within a yard of my concealment, I ſprung out. He ſtarted back aſtoniſhed, and ſurveyed me for a minute with that kind of expreſſion which ſeemed to ſay he could ſcarcely credit the evidence of his eyes; then approaching me with extended arms, he exclaimed, 'Ah, my brother! what—'

"I interrupted him: 'I diſclaim the title (cried I, ſtepping up to him, and rudely ſeizing his arm); villain! I am well acquainted with thy perfidy; and this to thy heart to reward thee for it!"

Madeline at thoſe words inſtinctively caught hold of her father. She panted for breath

breath, and her changing colour ſhewed her ſtrong emotions.

" My fears were but too juſt (ſaid St. Julian); I was almoſt convinced my tale of horror would overcome your gentle nature."

' No, no (cried Madeline, after the pauſe of a few minutes), my fortitude will not again droop, for I have now ſurely heard the worſt; go on therefore, my deareſt father.'

" The unhappy Philippe inſtantly fell (reſumed St. Julian); he writhed for a moment in agony, and then expired with a deep groan.

" There is ſomething dreadful in the ſight of human blood to a heart not entirely callous. As his flowed at my feet, a faintneſs ſtole over me, and I leaned for ſupport againſt the projecting fragment which had before concealed me. The ſcene in the foreſt of Montmorenci ruſhed upon my recollection. He could not bear to behold my blood (ſaid I), and yet I ſpilled his without mercy.

mercy!—Mercy! (repeated I ſtarting) what mercy ſhould I have extended to him who preſerved my life but to entail diſhonour upon it? I have taken but a juſt revenge (continued I); and my ſpirits were re-animated by the idea.

"Caſting a look of ſavage triumph upon the body, I darted a roſs it, and fled almoſt with the velocity of lightning towards the caſtle. As I was entering the court, I met a holy man, who lived in a neighbouring monaſtery, the confeſſor of the Earl and his family, coming out; I would have puſhed by him, but he caught my arm.

'Alas, my ſon! (ſaid he, in an accent of pity) your diſordered looks too plainly prove your knowledge of the ſad event which has happened in the caſtle during your abſence. How unfortunate that you could not be found yeſterday when your brother wrote to inform you of it, and requeſt your company hither; your preſence might have mitigated his tranſports.'

"A

" A convulſive laugh broke from me at the idea of deception having alſo been practiſed upon the old man; yet, at the next inſtant, it ſtruck me as ſomething ſtrange that he ſhould know of my brother's viſit to the caſtle.

" You ſpeak enigmatically, holy father (ſaid I); I know nothing of any letter my brother wrote, nor of any ſad event that——.

" I ſuddenly pauſed;—the dying groan of Philippe again, methought, ſounded in my ear, and ſtopped my utterance.

' If the meaning of my words is incomprehenſible (ſaid the monk, regarding me with mingled horror and ſurpriſe), ſo is alſo the meaning of your looks: explain what has diſordered you.'

" Firſt ſay (cried I), what you know about my brother's viſit to the caſtle; explain the reaſon of it."

' Concealment is no longer neceſſary (ſaid he); the Count came to the caſtle to receive the laſt ſigh of his wife.'

" His

" His wife!" repeated I, ſtarting and ſtaring wildly.

'Yes, the lovely Elenora.'

" Elenora the wife of Philippe! no, 'tis not to be believed (exclaimed I); I ſee (endeavouring to ſhake him from me) you are but a ſanctified villain, and in league with the reſt to deceive me!"

'I know not what you mean (ſaid he); I know nothing of any deceit that has been practiſed on you. Elenora was, by the holy croſs I ſwear, and he touched that which hung beſide him, the wife of your brother.'

" I could no longer doubt his truth; a confuſed idea of treachery, of a ſnare having been ſpread to involve my unhappy brother and ſelf in deſtruction, darted into my mind; all hell ſeemed opening to my view; I grew giddy, and would have fallen, but for the ſupporting arm of the monk.

'You are ill (ſaid he); let me call for aſſiſtance.'

" No (replied I, exerting myſelf), I am now better. Tell me, ere I enter the caſtle,

what has happened ſince my departure from it; and why the marriage of the Count with Elenora was concealed from me."

'It never was the wiſh of your brother to have it concealed from you,' ſaid the monk, ſitting down on the pavement, where I had ſeated myſelf unable to ſtand.

'Tis now near a twelvemonth (continued he), ſince it took place; the ceremony was performed by me. The accident which introduced your brother to the caſtle you already know: almoſt from the firſt moment he and Lady Elenora beheld each other, they became mutually enamoured; the watchful eyes of a parent eaſily diſcovered their attachment; and the Earl ſoon demanded an explanation of your brother's intentions.

'It was his moſt ardent wiſh, the Count ſaid, to be united to Lady Elenora; but it was a wiſh, he candidly confeſſed, which he durſt not reveal to his father, whoſe avarice and ambition he knew, notwithſtanding his extravagant partiality for him, would forbid

his union with any one who could not increaſe the conſequence, and add to the opulence of his houſe.

'Upon hearing this, the Earl, though gently, blamed him for having encouraged a tenderneſs for his daughter, and explicitly deſired him to leave the caſtle. The Count, inſtead of promiſing to do ſo, fell at his feet, and beſought him not to baniſh him from the woman he adored. 'Suffer me to marry her (cried he), and whilſt my father lives to conceal my marriage.'

'The pride and rectitude of the Earl for a long time reſiſted this entreaty; but the repeated ſolicitations of the half-diſtracted St. Julian, and the tears of his daughter, at length extorted a conſent to their union.

'On St. Julian's return to the habitation of his father, he met with you. Soon after that meeting, he planned a ſcheme for again viſiting his lovely bride; you were the companion of his journey. Ere your appearance at the caſtle, the family were apprized of your intended viſit and connection with him.

'In his letter to the Earl, acquainting him with thoſe particulars, he alſo ſaid—'Againſt the lovelineſs of your Elenora I have guarded my Lauſane, by informing him ſhe was already engaged; but to the beauties of Geraldine I hope he will be as ſuſceptible, as I wiſh her to be to his merits.'

'You came; and his wiſhes were accompliſhed by the attachment that grew between you.

'The Count mentioned to Lord Dunlere his intention of revealing his marriage to you; but the Earl oppoſed it. A long intercourſe with the world had rendered him ſuſpicious; and he feared your knowing of the affair, leſt you ſhould betray it to the Marquis, from a hope of benefiting by the reſentment you would excite againſt your brother: 'and little pleaſure (added he), ſhould I derive from having one daughter enriched at the expence of the other.'

'Though the Count would not act in oppoſition to him, he reſented the ſuſpicion he harboured of you. 'In doubting the

honour of Lauſane (ſaid he), you are guilty of the greateſt injuſtice; no nature can be more noble, more pure than his; and I am confident he would ſooner loſe his life than harm me.'

"Oh, Philippe!" I groaned aloud.

"The monk looked earneſtly at me. 'You are ill my ſon,' ſaid he.

"Dear father (cried I), do not mind me; I am all impatience for you to go on."

'About the time you were married to Lady Geraldine, the Count beheld a proſpect of an increaſe to his felicity; Elenora was with child. In purſuance of the Earl's advice, it was ſettled that when the period for her confinement arrived, your brother, pretending illneſs, ſhould invite you to ſee him, and keep you away till ſhe was recovered. It was alſo ſettled, that the child ſhould be nurſed at a neighbouring cottage, and, when weaned, be brought back to the caſtle as the deſerted orphan of ſome poor peaſant.

'About ten days ago, almoſt immediately after your departure, Elenora lay in of a lovely boy. She continued as well as could be expected for a few days; a violent fever then ſeized her, and in a ſhort time her life was deſpaired of. She retained her ſenſes, and, ſenſible of her danger, begged her huſband might be ſent for, that ſhe might have the pleaſure of preſenting her child to him, and breathing her laſt ſigh in his arms.

'An expreſs was accordingly diſpatched; Geraldine and I met him upon his arrival: on not ſeeing you, as ſhe expected, with him, ſhe wildly demanded where you were. He replied, that the moment he had finiſhed peruſing the Earl's letter, he had ſent it to you with a few lines, imploring your pardon for having had any concealment from you, and requeſting your immediate attendance; but, to his great mortification, you were abſent from the cottage; nor did the owner of it expect you back for a conſiderable time, as you had told him, he ſaid, that you were going

out

out upon a long ramble; to wait for your return was therefore, in his ſituation, impoſſible.

'He was conducted to the chamber of his Elenora; the agonies of death had already ſeized her; and he arrived but in time to receive the laſt ſigh of her fleeting ſpirit. She has been dead ſome hours, but it is only a few minutes ago ſince he could be torn from her remains; nor could he then have been forced from them, but by the mention of his child; he is gone to weep over the poor babe, and I am now about following him.'

"You will wonder, no doubt, my deareſt Madeline, how I could liſten with calmneſs to this recital; you will wonder that I did not ſtart into inſtant madneſs, and with a deſperate hand, terminate my wretched exiſtence; but horror had frozen up my blood, and ſuſpended every faculty; my ſilence aſtoniſhed the monk, and he looked ſteadily at me. At length I ſpoke—'Father (ſaid I, in a hollow voice), do you not believe that

evil ſpirits are ſometimes let looſe upon this world, to plague the ſons of men, and tempt them to deſtruction?"

'Heaven forbid I ſhould think ſo (he replied); the Almighty has declared his creatures never ſhall be tempted beyond their ſtrength; 'tis not the miniſters of darkneſs, but their own impetuous paſſions which hurry them to deſtruction.'

"I ſtarted up; farewell! (I cried); remember me in your prayers, and bid Geraldine not forget me in her oriſons."

'Whither are you going?' ſaid he.

"To join my brother," replied I.

"No doubt I looked wild. He ſeized my arm—

'Your brother!' repeated he.

"Yes, to accompany his ſoul in its flight from this world.—His ſoul! (I repeated, ſtarting and ſhrieking aloud with agony) Oh, no! heaven opens to receive his ſpirit, but the deepeſt abyſs in hell now yawns for mine!"

'Some

'Some dreadful myſtery lurks beneath thoſe words (cried he); tell me, my ſon, what has diſtreſſed you?'

"To tell you my diſtreſs is uſeleſs, ſince you cannot relieve it."

'Though not able to remove, I might at leaſt be able to mitigate it,' ſaid he.

"No; except you could re-animate the dead;—except you could raiſe Philippe from the bloody turf, and bid him live again!"

"I tried to diſengage myſelf, but he held me faſt: in the conflict my ſtrength and ſenſes failed, and I fell fainting to the earth.

"When I recovered, I found myſelf in the hall of the caſtle, ſupported by my wife and the monk, and ſurrounded by the domeſtics, amidſt whom the Earl ſtood. The minute I regained my ſenſes, the monk diſmiſſed the ſervants, and none remained with me but Geraldine, her father, and himſelf.

"He then beſought me to reveal the cauſe of my diſtreſs. Geraldine and the

Earl joined in his ſupplication. I raiſed my head from his ſhoulder, and withdrew myſelf from the arms of my wife. I knelt down; the fury of my ſoul had ſubſided.—

"Oh! my friends (I cried, while tears guſhed from me), I am unworthy of your tenderneſs—I am unworthy of the light of heaven—I am the deſtroyer of your peace—the murderer of my brother!"

'Impoſſible!' cried Geraldine, whilſt the deadly paleneſs of her cheek proved that her heart felt not the doubt her tongue implied.

'He raves,' ſaid the Earl.

'Alas! (exclaimed the monk) I fear he utters a fatal truth. Be explicit (continued he, laying his hand upon my head), and ſport not with the feelings of your friends.'

"He raiſed me to a ſeat. He again urged me to ſpeak; and in faltering accents I began my tale of horror. As I ended it, Geraldine dropped, to all appearance lifeleſs, at my feet. I threw myſelf beſide her. Oh,

Philippe!

Philippe! (I cried) is the life of my wife required as an expiation of my crime?'

"Her wretched father hung over her.—'She dies! (ſaid he); childleſs and forlorn I am doomed to deſcend to the grave!'

"The monk was alone collected; he raiſed her from the ground, and chafed her hands and temples; in a few minutes ſhe ſhewed ſigns of returning life. At length ſhe opened her eyes: I was the firſt object they fell upon. 'Unhappy man! (ſhe ſighed) how could you doubt me?'

"Thus humbly kneeling, let me implore forgiveneſs for doing ſo (ſaid I). Oh! amply, amply ſhall you be avenged; I fly this inſtant to throw myſelf into the arms of offended juſtice; and, by an ignominious death, atone for my wrongs to you and Philippe."

'And deſtroy your wife and her unborn infant,' cried ſhe.

"This was the firſt time I had heard there was a proſpect of my becoming a father; an idea of the felicity which but a few days be-

fore I ſhould have received from ſuch an intimation ruſhed upon my mind; and I ſunk groaning to the earth at the contraſt I now drew between it and my preſent feelings.

'Do not, by yielding to this wretchedneſs (ſaid the monk), aggravate the miſery of your wife and her father; 'tis the guilty heart, not the guilty hand, my ſon (proceeded he, trying to compoſe my mind), which merits the vengeance of heaven; your hand, not your heart, is guilty: the vileſt arts could alone have turned it againſt your brother; and upon the contriver of ſuch diabolical ſchemes, his blood muſt certainly reſt; compoſe yourſelf, therefore, and you may again experience ſome degree of happineſs.'

"I ſtarted up; 'repeat that word no more (cried I with fierceneſs); happineſs and I muſt henceforth be as diſtant from each other as heaven and hell.'

'Promiſe (ſaid Geraldine kneeling before me, and laying her cold and trembling hands upon me), promiſe that you will be guided by

by the holy father, and try to ſave a life upon which mine depends.'

"I ſnatched her to my breaſt. And can you wiſh to have the being ſaved (I aſked), who doubted your purity?—Ah! ſurely the ſevereſt puniſhment is not more than he merits for having done ſo: yet, as you deſire, he will act; here my friends (I continued, relinquiſhing her), I ſtand, the verieſt wretch upon earth; death would be a releaſe from torture; but do with me as you pleaſe; as you wiſh, I will either try to live, or prepare to die.'

'My ſon (ſaid the monk), you muſt retire immediately to your chamber: night draws on apace; as ſoon as it is dark, I will repair to you, and inform you of the plan I have conceived for your avoiding the treachery by which I fear you are ſurrounded.'

'May I not accompany him?' ſaid Geraldine, catching my hand as he was leading me from the room.

'No; I wiſh for your preſence in order to conſult with you as to the beſt mode of ſecuring

ſecuring his ſafety.' This reaſon for preventing her attendance conquered all oppoſition.

" I ſhall not dwell upon the minutes I paſſed alone. The monk came according to his promiſe as ſoon as it was dark; he opened the door ſoftly, and held a glimmering lamp in his hand. 'Follow me, my ſon,' ſaid he.

" I implicitly obeyed, and purſued his cautious ſteps through winding paſſages, and down innumerable deſcents of ſteps. At length we ſtopped, and I found myſelf in a ſpacious and gloomy vault.

" Have you changed your mind (demanded I, after looking round me for a minute); have you at laſt thought me deſerving of puniſhment, and brought me hither as to a priſon."

'You wrong me by the ſuppoſition (ſaid he); I have brought you to this vault but to ſecure you from danger; your deſtruction I have no doubt was intended as well as your brother's; the motive for ſuch an intention I can-

I cannot conceive, nor perhaps may never be able to diſcover. Blanche has diſappeared: I have every reaſon to believe ſhe has joined that villain Claude. The moment I returned from your chamber, I ſent for her, determined on trying to extort from her a confeſſion of her guilt, but ſhe was juſt gone out. On hearing this, I directly repaired to her father, a ſimple ſhepherd, long known to me, and one whom I have ever found conſcientiouſly juſt in all his dealings. I enquired for his daughter; he had not ſeen her the whole day he ſaid. I then in a careleſs manner aſked him if he knew a perſon of the name of Claude?—No, he inſtantly replied.

'From his cottage I haſtened to the valley where you ſaid your brother had fallen; but the body was gone. Struck by a circumſtance ſo ſtrange, I ſtood as it were transfixed to the ſpot for a few minutes; at laſt I was turning away, when deep groans pierced my ear, and made me again pauſe.'

"As the monk uttered thoſe words, I ſhrieked aloud—'Oh, God! (I cried), is it poſſible?—could I be miſtaken?—does Philippe live?'

"The monk ſhook his head; 'would to heaven he did!' ſaid he. But to proceed; the ſhades of night fell thick around me, and prevented my ſeeing to any diſtance; the groans ſtill continued;—in the name of God (cried I), I conjure you, whoever you are, from whom thoſe groans proceed, to ſpeak, and direct me to your aſſiſtance.'

'Ah! father (ſaid a voice, which I inſtantly recollected to be that of Lafroy, your brother's valet) heaven ſurely ſent you hither.'

'Directed by his voice, I went up to him and found him ſitting behind a low mound at a little diſtance from the ſpot on which I had firſt heard him. I enquired into the cauſe of his preſent ſituation; he burſt into tears—'Ah! father (ſaid he), do you not know what has happened? do you not know of the horrid murder that has been committed?

mitted?—Ah! who could have thought that the hand of a brother could have perpetrated ſo cruel a deed!'

'I was wounded to the heart (ſaid the monk) at hearing he was acquainted with the dreadful affair. I aſked him what he knew concerning it.'

'I left the caſtle (anſwered he), a conſiderable time before my Lord, in order to appriſe the nurſe of his intended viſit to the child. Tired at laſt of waiting for him, or rather apprehenſive, from his long ſtay, that he was taken ill, and could not come, I was returning to the caſtle to terminate my ſuſpenſe, when, in this very ſpot, I was ſuddenly ſtopped by ſurpriſe at ſeeing Monſieur Lauſane a few yards before me, with a dagger in his hand, and an expreſſion of the moſt violent rage in his face. I will not deny that I was panic-ſtruck and unable to move even when I ſaw my Lord approaching. Oh! never ſhall I ceaſe to regret my want of courage; though, alas! nothing but the greateſt, the quickeſt exertion of it could have ſaved his life;

life; for ſcarcely had his brother caſt his eyes upon him, ere he ſtabbed him to the heart! Horror overcame me at that inſtant, and I fainted away, nor recovered my ſenſes till a few minutes ago: when I recovered, I had not however power, or rather reſolution to move; I feared beholding or ſtumbling over the body of my dear and murdered Lord.'

'I dreaded Lafroy's teſtimony againſt you (continued the monk); I therefore endeavoured to extenuate your conduct, and excite his pity by relating the artifices which had been practiſed on you. What I ſaid had the deſired effect; he no longer, he declared, conſidered you guilty, and, of his own accord, took a ſolemn oath never to give information againſt you.

'I aſked him whether he had any knowledge of Claude, and alſo whether he did not think his brother in league with him? He had no perſonal knowledge of the villain, he replied; all he knew concerning him was that he was a vine-dreſſer, who lived a little way

way from his brother's cottage. As to his brother, in the moſt empaſſioned manner he proteſted a heart more noble, more humane than his never lodged within a breaſt; conſequently it could not be ſuppoſed he had entered into ſo horrible a plot.

'I enquired whether he could form any conjecture about the firſt contrivers of it? None, he replied in a ſolemn manner. I then told him of my not being able to find the body: this renewed his grief, and by the firſt dawn of day, he ſaid he would endeavour to diſcover it. As to Claude, he agreed with me there was little probability of any ſearch after him being ſucceſsful.

'I bid him return to the cottage, nor come to the caſtle unleſs ſent for. I think his fidelity may be depended on; but I ſhall not put it to the teſt by entruſting him with your ſituation.

'The domeſtics are at preſent ignorant of the cauſe of your diſorder, as well as of the death of your brother; there is no doubt but what they will ſoon be acquainted with the

the latter—they may then perhaps ſuſpect the former; there is no knowing how they would act. I ſhall therefore, as ſoon as I leave you, inform them that you have been compelled to quit the caſtle, in order to attend a moſt particular friend to Italy; this will change the ſearch, ſhould one be made after you.'

"But think you not (cried I), that death would be preferable to a confinement here, which will deprive me of the ſociety of all I love?"

'Your confinement here will not ſubject you to ſuch a loſs (he replied); a conſtant intercourſe can eaſily be kept up between you and your Geraldine; and every thing that can poſſibly be brought hither for the purpoſe of adding to your comfort, ſhall be conveyed by me; the caſtle-vaults communicate with thoſe belonging to the monaſtery—I ſhall therefore have free acceſs at all times to you.'

"I ſhall no longer dwell upon the converſation that paſſed between us, neither upon the agonies I fell into on being left alone; pity for Geraldine only prevented me from daſhing my deſperate brains out.

"The next day the monk came to me ſooner than I expected. 'Alas! (exclaimed he as he advanced), the unhappy father of your wife has not yet drained the cup of miſery!' I thought of no ſorrow but that which the death of Geraldine could occaſion. Starting, therefore, I wrung my hands, and cried—'She is dead! my wife is dead, and I have murdered her!'

'No (replied he), 'tis not his Geraldine, but the babe of his departed Elenora he has loſt.

'On coming to the caſtle this morning, I was ſurpriſed to ſee Lafroy juſt entering the hall before me. I accoſted him in rather an angry tone, and aſked what had brought him to it without my permiſſion? He ſoon aſſigned a ſufficient reaſon for his unexpected appearance. On returning to the cottage,

cottage, he ſaid he had thrown himſelf acroſs a bed, where, overcome by grief and fatigue, towards morning he had fallen aſleep. 'From my repoſe (he continued), I was ſoon rouſed by piercing ſhrieks; I inſtantly jumped up, and darted into the outſide room, from whence they proceeded. Here I found the woman of the houſe alone, and almoſt in a ſtate of diſtraction. It was ſome time ere ſhe could ſpeak and explain the cauſe of her diſorder: at length ſhe ſaid the infant ſhe had received from the caſtle was ſtolen whilſt ſhe was out milking her goats. That Claude was the author of this new misfortune I could not doubt; and I deemed it my duty to loſe no time in informing the Earl of what had happened.'

'Alas! (reſumed the monk) it was a heavy ſtroke to him; through the child he hoped to have received ſome little conſolation for the death of the mother. This very day it was his intention to have written to the Marquis of Montmorenci to acquaint him with the marriage of his ſon, and implore his protection

protection for the offspring of it; an intention he has now laid aſide as unneceſſary, except the child is found, to ſearch for whom I have diſpatched ſome agents I can depend upon. The death of your brother is now known throughout the caſtle; I invented a plauſible ſtory for Lafroy to repeat, which he did with little heſitation; and it is believed that your brother fell by the hand of a ruffian belonging to one of the numerous gangs of banditti which infeſt theſe mountains. Lafroy ſets out this day for the caſtle of Montmorenci; and has ſolemnly promiſed to adhere to my inſtructions in announcing the death of his lamented maſter.'

"I aſked the monk whether the body of the unfortunate Philippe had been diſcovered?—he replied in the negative.

"What he told me, if poſſible, increaſed my anguiſh. I then enquired when I ſhould behold my Geraldine?—'At night,' he replied. I counted the tedious moments till ſhe appeared. Ah! how pale, how languid, how

how different from the Geraldine I had left! She wept bitterly in my arms. 'Oh! my love, I exclaimed, your tears diſtract me: yet I cannot wonder at your ſhedding them; you have reaſon indeed to weep the hard fate which united you to a murderer!'

'Ah! never, Lauſane (ſaid ſhe), ſhall I lament the fate which bound me to you. Excluſive of your misfortunes, have I not reaſon to weep for the loſs of my Elenora—the ſiſter of my love—the ſweet play-fellow of my infancy—the dear, the ineſtimable friend of my youth? Oh! Lauſane, the moſt exalted proſperity with you could not have ſilenced my grief on her account.'

"A month paſſed away without any incident occurring to alarm my friends, and without any determination being formed relative to my future deſtiny. At the expiration of that time, the monk came to me one night at a very late hour; his countenance was diſordered, and for a few minutes he could not ſpeak.

'My

'My ſon (ſaid he at length), 'tis well that we took the precautions we did.'

"What has happened?" demanded I eagerly.

'To-night (reſumed he), as I was returning to the monaſtery, I heard, from behind a low rock which lies at a little diſtance from the caſtle, a low murmur of voices. I pauſed and liſtened, for I thought I diſtinguiſhed your name: I was not miſtaken; in about a minute after I ſtopped, it was repeated. I then crept to the ſpot determined to run every riſk rather than not try to diſcover any plot that might be forming againſt you. As I approached, I beheld two men, from whom a projection of the rock concealed me.

'To Italy (ſaid one of them), you ſay he is gone.—'Tis ſo reported,' replied the other. 'Well, it ſhall be my buſineſs (again ſpoke the firſt), to diſcover what foundation there is for that report;—earth ſhall be ſearched for Lauſane; for, whilſt he lives, my wiſhes can never be accompliſhed.'

'They then walked away (continued the monk), and I haſtened back to the caſtle to conſult with your wife and her father about you. We ſoon agreed that a report of your death could alone, in all probability, ſave your life. I ſhall therefore ſend a young man, whom I can depend upon, to-morrow to the caſtle, for the purpoſe of declaring that you are no more. He ſhall ſay that a in a ſmall town in Italy, from whence he is juſt returned, he met you; that ſhortly after that meeting, you were taken ill; and, knowing whither he was bound, in your laſt moments had requeſted him to call upon your family, and inform them of your fate.

'This report will put a ſtop to all enquiries; and, as ſoon as your Geraldine has lain in, I will aſſiſt you in eſcaping with her to a part of the world where there can be no fear of your ever being diſcovered. To prevent any ſuſpicion, Geraldine is to declare a reſolution of renouncing the world as ſoon as her child is born; and, under the pretext of entering a cloiſter, ſhe is to quit

the caſtle: when ſettled in the manner you wiſh, the Earl and the infant are to follow.'

"I attempted not to oppoſe the ſcheme of the monk; any ſcheme, indeed, which flattered me with a hope of again enjoying the company of my Geraldine without interruption, was to me acceptable. 'Tis unneceſſary to ſay the anxiety with which ſhe longed formy releaſe from confinement—a confinement which ſhe endeavoured to ſoften by the moſt unremitting attentions. Oh! with what agony have I gazed upon this matchleſs woman in my dreary dungeon! pale, weeping, emaciated, ſinking with horror, yet trying to conceal it! Oh! ſurely the wretch extended upon the rack could not have felt greater tortures than I at thoſe moments experienced.

"The period now arrived for making me a father: my Geraldine did not come near me one entire day, and my heart throbbed with tumultuous fears on her account. The monk came at night; with an eagerneſs

which ſhook my frame, I enquired for her. 'She is well (ſaid he), but the Earl is indiſpoſed; and, without exciting ſuſpicion in the ſervants, ſhe could not leave him:'—this excuſe pacified me. Another day arrived without bringing her; two more followed, and ſtill I ſaw her not. I then again began to be alarmed: 'I have been deceived I fear (ſaid I); if Geraldine was well, ſhe would ſurely have contrived ſome method for ſeeing me: to night, though I ruſh into the arms of deſtruction by doing ſo, I will terminate my ſuſpenſe.'

"Accordingly as ſoon as the monk came, I told him my determination of ſeeing her; he looked ſhocked, and endeavoured to oppoſe it; I haſtily interrupted him—'No (cried I), I am reſolved this night to know whether or not I have been deceived.' As I ſpoke, I ruſhed by him; and, with a velocity which mocked purſuit, fled through the intricate paſſages of the caſtle, nor ſtopped till I reached the chamber of Geraldine, which I gained without meeting with a being.

being. I flung open the door—Ah, heavens what a ſight preſented itſelf! on the bed lay the lifeleſs body of Geraldine, already prepared for the grave, and bending over it the almoſt equally lifeleſs form of her father! For a minute I ſtood motionleſs; then ſhivering, ſhrieking with deſpair, I ſprung to the bed, and fell fainting upon the clay-cold boſom of my love!—Short was the privation of my miſery. When I revived, I found myſelf ſupported by the monk. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the extravagancy of my grief, nor repeat the frantic reproaches I uttered at the deception practiſed on me. 'Oh! cruel, cruel (I cried), to deny me a laſt embrace! had the laſt beam of her eye fallen upon me—had her laſt ſigh been breathed in my arms, I ſhould not have been ſo wretched!'

'Miſtaken idea! (ſaid the monk); your wretchedneſs muſt have been augmented by witneſſing the agonies of a creature ſo beloved. It was by her command alone any deception was practiſed on you. She knew

her danger from the moment ſhe lay in; and ſhe knew, if acquainted with it, you would have inſiſted on ſeeing her. She charged me, therefore, not to acquaint you with her fate till her interment had taken place. And ſhe charged me alſo to tell you, that if the love you profeſſed for her was ſincere, you would endeavour to combat your affliction, in order to ſupport her father, and ſupply to her infant the loſs ſhe would ſuſtain by her death.'

"Does my child then live?" ſaid I.

'Yes (replied the monk); Providence is kind, and ſtill reſerves ſome bleſſings for you; forfeit them not by murmuring at its decrees. Look at that miſerable old man (continued he, pointing to the Earl), and learn from him a leſſon of ſubmiſſion to the will of the Almighty. Think you the anguiſh which wrings the heart of a huſband can exceed that which rends the boſom of a parent? no—believe me it cannot: and yet, notwithſtanding his deprivation, no loud complaint, no impious murmur, breaks from him;

him; he bends before the ſtroke without repining, confident that it proceeds from a hand which cannot err.'

" The language of the venerable man allayed the tempeſt of my ſoul: I ſuffered him to lead me to the Earl, at whoſe feet I ſunk. He turned from the bed, and attempted to ſpeak, but his voice was inarticulate, and tears burſt from him. I almoſt envied him the tears he ſhed; they relieved his oppreſſion; but mine I could not lighten in that manner; mine was that deep, that ſilent grief which whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

' They are gone! (ſaid he at length, and extending his trembling hand, he laid it on my ſhoulder); the pillars of my age are gone! No more ſhall the ſoft accents of my children attune my ſoul to peace! no more ſhall their bright eyes be opened to inſpire me with gladneſs! the ſhroud already covers

both, and on the cold bed of Elenorá my Geraldine will ſoon be laid!'

"I groaned—graſped his hands convulſively in mine, and, in frantic exclamations, expreſſed my grief. The monk endeavoured to moderate my tranſports, and the Earl made a feeble effort to aid him.

'Oh! my ſon (ſaid he), in pity to me, in pity to your child, exert yourſelf; let me not deſcend forlorn to my grave, neither let her be caſt without a friend upon the world!'

"I ſtarted from the ground, and demanded to ſee my babe. You were laid in a diſtant chamber, and the monk inſtantly proceeded thither to diſmiſs the attendants, after which he cautiouſly conducted me to it. Oh, my child! how utterly impoſſible to deſcribe the feelings which pervaded my breaſt as I gently raiſed the mantle that covered your ſleeping face, and firſt caſt my eyes upon you! I longed to ſtrain you to my

my breaſt; yet I feared to breathe upon you leſt I ſhould injure you. I kneeled down, and gazed upon you till my ſight grew dim! With difficulty the monk could tear me away. When he did, he would have reconducted me to my dungeon, but I puſhed him aſide, and again ruſhed to the chamber of death. For a long time I reſiſted his entreaties to leave it; nor ſhould I at laſt, I believe, have been prevailed on to do ſo, had not the Earl at length bent his knee to me: I could not refuſe the kneeling father of my Geraldine; and half-dragged, half-ſupported by the monk, I deſcended to my priſon. Oh! what a night was that which followed the knowledge of my Geraldine's death: on the damp ground I lay ſtretched, and the gloomy echoes of the vaults were awakened by my moans!

"But I will not, by any longer dwelling on my feelings, lengthen out my ſtory. It was determined that I ſhould remain in my preſent ſituation during the life of the Earl, and, after his deceaſe, ſeek another aſylum

with my child. Contrary to all expectation, the Earl ſurvived the loſs of his Geraldine two years; during which period no occurrence happened to diſturb the melancholy quiet of the caſtle. As the infirmities of Lord Dunlere prevented his coming to me, I was frequently conducted to him by the monk, who, whilſt I continued with him, always remained near the chamber to prevent our being ſurpriſed.

"Never ſhall I forget the laſt hours I paſſed with the father of my love at the decline of a lovely ſummer's day; I was brought to him to pay my then almoſt daily viſit; I found him ſeated near an open window inhaling the ſweet breeze which played around, whilſt the ſetting ſun beaming through it, caſt a kind of luminous glory on the portraits of his daughters, before which, exhauſted by play, you had fallen aſleep.

'Ah! (ſaid he, motioning for me to ſit near him) how much ſhould I have enjoyed the calmneſs of this delightful evening, had the

the bleſſings I once poſſeſſed been ſtill mine! but let me not murmur at the decrees of the Almighty; ſomething whiſpers to my ſoul I ſhall ſoon be re-united to thoſe I regret. Oh! my ſon (he continued, obſerving a tear ſtarting from me), do not too bitterly mourn my death; rather rejoice at what to me will be a releaſe from miſery as incurable as unſpeakable: ſink not beneath affliction at the very period your exertions will be moſt requiſite. Oh! rouſe your fortitude for the ſake of Geraldine's child, and live to preſerve one relique of the noble houſe of Dunlere! Yes, I repeat, noble was the houſe of Dunlere: and ſhould any chance ever lead you to the iſle in which it ſtands, you will find I have not been a vain boaſter in calling it ſo. True, its honours are departed, its poſſeſſions are divided; but though its glory has ſet, it has ſet like yon bright orb, leaving a long tract of radiance behind it: 'tis on the flowery banks of the Shannon you would hear of the fame of my anceſtors; 'tis there you would hear that they were ever

foremoſt in the ranks of virtue and of valour; that their arms were never ſtretched againſt the feeble, nor their ſwords ſtained with the blood of innocence.' His eyes ſparkled as he ſpoke, and the vigour of his ſoul ſeemed revived; but, alas! his was but the emanation of a departing ſpirit.

"Early the enſuing morning, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, the monk came to me. His unexpected viſit, and agitated countenance, inſtantly alarmed me; and, in faltering accents, I pronounced your name.

'Your child is well (ſaid he); the Earl too is well—he ſleeps in peace; his ſoul has this day been called to heaven."

"I could not refrain my tears on hearing of this event; in loſing the Earl, I loſt the friend who ſoothed my ſorrows by talking to me of my Geraldine. 'All then that now remains to me (cried I), of the friends I adored

adored, (the wife I muſt eternally regret) is a poor helpleſs infant!'

'For her ſake (ſaid the monk) you muſt now exert yourſelf. Oh! rouſe yourſelf (he continued, ſeeing me deſpondently ſhake my head) to guard her tender years from the cruelties and ſnares of the world! Ah, let not the ſweet bloſſom, which gives ſo early a promiſe of perfection, fade untimely for want of a paternal ſhelter!'

"By degrees his language re-animated me to exertion, and we began to arrange plans for the future. He enquired to what part of the globe I was inclined to bend my ſteps? My broken ſpirits, I told him, rendered me, not only unwilling, but unable, to acquire new habits. I had, therefore, an unconquerable averſion to any ſtrange country; and thought, from being ſo little known in my own, that I might, particularly as the ſtory of my death was credited, remain in it with ſafety. The monk expreſſed his regret at my diſinclination to quit France, but did not

not attempt to oppoſe it. After ſome conſideration he mentioned the place he had come from, as a ſituation well calculated for retirement. I was enamoured of it from his deſcription; and he aſſured me he would diſpatch a confidential perſon that very day to procure a reſidence in it for me. He had already, he ſaid, prepared the ſervants for diſmiſſion; and, before others came to ſupply their place, from the real owner of the caſtle, who had only lent it to the Earl as a temporary aſylum, "my meſſenger (ſaid he) will be returned, and every thing prepared for your departure. I have (continued he) prevented all enquiries as to the deſtination of your child, by declaring her ſolely committed to my charge: and when the hour for your quitting the caſtle approaches, I ſhall ſend the woman who now takes care of her after the other domeſtics.'

"Every thing ſucceeded according to our wiſhes. At the expected time the meſſenger arrived, after having taken the cottage for me in which

which you were brought up, and I ſet out for it a few days after the interment of the Earl. At the moment I was bidding a laſt adieu to the caſtle, the monk put you into my arms in order to revive my reſolution, which he ſaw drooping. 'Tis ſaid that our firſt parents lingered as they were quitting paradiſe; ſo I lingered as I was leaving what to me had been a paradiſe—ſo I pauſed and caſt my tearful eyes upon it. With difficulty the monk could prevail on me to proceed; he inſiſted on accompanying me to the place, about half a league from the caſtle, where a guide and mules were ſtationed for me. As we proceeded thither, he exhorted me to patience and ſubmiſſion to the Divine will. Our farewell was ſolemn and affecting; I ſtrained him to my breaſt, and attempted to expreſs my gratitude for all his kindneſs. 'Oh! my ſon (cried the holy man, while tears bedewed his venerable face), I do not merit ſuch thanks; I but performed my duty in the ſervices I rendered you and the family of the Earl; for am I not the ſervant of a God

God, who pities the frailties of his creatures, and pours balm upon the wounds which his juſtice ſees proper to inflict?' He promiſed to keep up a conſtant correſpondence with me. 'When I ceaſe to write (ſaid he), you may be convinced that either my faculties have failed me, or—I am no more.'

"Our journey commenced at night; the enſuing day we lay by in an obſcure cottage, and the following night reached our habitation. My domeſtic arrangements were ſoon made. I changed my name; and, from the retirement of my houſe, and its being entirely out of the beaten track, had not a fear of being diſcovered. Here had my boſom been free from the pangs of conſcience, I might again have experienced ſome ſmall degree of peace; but horror and remorſe had taken poſſeſſion of me, and the ſpirit of the murdered Philippe continually haunted my ſteps; life was ſo great a burthen, that often ſhould I have been tempted to raiſe a deſperate hand againſt it but for your ſake.

"To

"To hide from you an anguiſh which I could not at times ſuppreſs, have I frequently wandered away to the wildeſt and moſt forlorn ſpots in our neighbourhood. No weather, no circumſtance, could at theſe periods prevent thoſe rambles; the dews of ſummer, the rains of winter, the cloſing hour of day, the midnight one of darkneſs were alike diſregarded by me. Oh! how often have I ſtretched myſelf upon the damp earth, whilſt the bleak winds of winter have whiſtled round me, to deprecate the wrath of Philippe's angry ſpirit: 'I plead not on my own account (I have cried), Oh! my brother, 'tis for the ſake of my child I plead; in pity to her let not the thunders of vengeance burſt upon my head! in pity to her, let me ſink without infamy to my grave, that, as ſhe bends over it, ſhe may ſooth the ſorrows of her heart by ſaying, My father was virtuous, and his memory ſhall live for ever.'

"When I told you I would at ſome period or other elucidate the myſteries of my life, I ſaid ſo but for the purpoſe of allaying

ing your ſuſpicions, hoping that, in conſequence of ſuch a promiſe, you would no longer imagine I had any dreadful ſecrets to diſcloſe.

" Excluſive of the miſery I felt from conſcious guilt, I felt a conſiderable portion alſo from reflecting on the diſtreſſes to which, in all probability, you would be expoſed after my death, as I could not hope that the farm would then, under the ſuperintendence of a leſs intereſted perſon, yield ſuch profits as it had before done; and I knew the ſmall remainder of your grandfather's wealth, which the monk had depoſited in my hands, and which I had moſt carefully huſbanded, would be quite inadequate to your ſupport.

" From this uneaſineſs I was relieved by our bleſſed friend the Counteſs de Merville. I ſhould previouſly have told you of her ſeeing your mother; the viſit I paid her on my way to Montmorenci Caſtle, was diſcovered by her guardian, and awakened his apprehenſions. He wiſhed to unite her to his ſon; and, ignorant of my ſituation, he imagined I had

had come back to the neighbourhood for the purpoſe of diſappointing that wiſh, and profiting by the aſcendancy he knew I had over her: he therefore, in' order to baffle what he ſuppoſed were my deſigns, immediately determined on taking her to Italy. As he did not aſſign his real motive for this ſudden journey, of courſe he received no explanation from her relative to me. They ſtopped for refreſhment near the caſtle, and ſhe contrived to eſcape to it to pay a viſit to my wife; a viſit, however, little attended to by Geraldine, who was then nearly diſtracted by the danger of her ſiſter.

"In Italy the Counteſs firſt ſaw the Count de Merville, a French nobleman of amiable manners and illuſtrious deſcent; reaſon had conquered her hopeleſs paſſion, and in his arms ſhe gladly ſought a ſhelter from the tyranny of her guardian. They remained abroad ſome years after their marriage; and when, on their return to France, they ſtopped at the caſtle for the purpoſe of enquiring after me and mine, they could only receive

receive a confuſed account of the ſorrows and death of the family from an old woman who then took care of the manſion.

"To the Counteſs, on our unexpected meeting, I imparted all the particulars which I have related to you. She heard them with horror, grief, and aſtoniſhment; and, her emotions a little abating, bitterly regretted my not having applied to her friendſhip for protection; the reproaches ſhe uttered for my not having done ſo, I at length ſtopped by reminding her of the danger which would have attended an application.

"She told me of the marriage of her daughter, and her connection in conſequence of it, with the Houſe of Montmorenci. 'But though allied now in ſome degree to the Marquis (cried ſhe), I never could prevail on myſelf to ſee him, ſo abhorrent to my ſoul has his cruelty to you and your mother made him: yet did I imagine that I could, by perſonally imploring his protection for you and your child, obtain it, I would inſtantly conquer my repugnance to an interview;

view; but I am well convinced, that all ſupplications for juſtice would be unavailing, as I am confidently aſſured by thoſe I cannot doubt, that he execrates the memory of thoſe whom he has injured.'

'How much was ſhe deceived when ſhe believed that aſſurance! (exclaimed Madeline); my grandfather's acknowledging you as his rightful heir almoſt the moment he diſcovered your reſidence, proves he ſpoke truth when he aſſured us that his penitence for the injuries he had committed was extreme, and that his ſoul rejoiced at an opportunity of doing juſtice. The unworthy huſband and father-in-law of her daughter were, I fear, the wretches who impoſed upon her. But I interrupt your narrative.'

"The Counteſs (reſumed St. Julian) aſſured me that, ſince her child was to be enriched by my birthright, ſhe would take care to guard my daughter againſt the ills of poverty. How this generous intention was fruſtrated you beſt know.

"You

" You may imagine I was not a little confounded when, on arriving at the caſtle, the firſt object almoſt I beheld was Lafroy: the alarm of my ſoul, which my countenance I believe too faithfully depicted, he however tried to diſſipate by a ſecret look, and a ſlight preſſure of his hand upon his heart, as if to aſſure me of his fidelity.

" At night, when I was undreſſing, he entered my apartment—' Pardon my intruſion, my Lord (ſaid he), but I could not refrain from coming to expreſs my joy at ſeeing you, as I may ſay, riſen from the grave; for the monk aſſured me you were dead. He might have confided in me; I pledged a ſolemn oath never to betray you; and, though but a ſervant, I have ever been taught to conſider a promiſe as ſacred.'

" Excuſe the caution of old age, Lafroy (replied I); 'twas not by my deſire the monk deceived you."

' Certainly, my Lord (ſaid he); I allow toomuch caution could not be practiſed then, nor is there leſs occaſion for it now; as I am convinced,

vinced, if the Marquis knew you were but acceſſary to the death of Lord Philippe, he would puniſh you with the moſt implacable vengeance. For my part, I think you more to be pitied than condemned; and that thoſe who inſtigated you to the deſtruction of your brother, alone merit puniſhment.'

" Did you ever (aſked I) diſcover any clue to unravel the horrid myſteries which involved me in guilt?"

'I once (cried Lafroy) had an opportunity of doing ſo, but, alas! I loſt it.'

" Loſt it! (repeated I); explain yourſelf."

'About ſeven years ago (reſumed he), as I was attending the Marquis to a ſeat of his near Paris, at a poſt-houſe, to which I rode before the carriage for the purpoſe of ſecuring horſes, my eyes encountered that villain Claude: I inſtantly ſeized him by the arm, and, dragging him into a room, bolted the door—'Accurſed wretch! (cried I) the long delayed puniſhment of heaven has at length overtaken you; the Marquis of Montmorenci approaches, and into his hands I ſhall

conſign you, as the immediate cauſe of his ſon's death.'

'Oh! have mercy (he exclaimed, and dropped upon his knees); I am not quite ſo guilty as you imagine: my poverty expoſed me to temptation, and a baſe enemy of Lord Philippe's, by laviſh promiſes, ſeduced me to evil. I have already made a full confeſſion of every circumſtance to a relation of the Marquis's; and I am ready to repeat the ſame to you, if you but promiſe not to give me into his power.'

'Well (ſaid I, after ſome minutes of conſideration), on this condition I give the promiſe you deſire.' I accordingly raiſed him from the ground, and with an impatience which made me tremble, ſeated myſelf near him to hear his narrative. He had juſt opened his lips for the purpoſe of beginning it, when a violent knock came to the door, and the poſt-maſter bid me come out directly, for the Marquis of Montmorenci was dying. All horror and conſternation, I obeyed him, and found a fellow-ſervant in

in the hall, who told me his Lord was in violent fits.'

'Secure the man in the parlour (cried I to the poſt-maſter as I ſprung upon my horſe to ride off to the carriage, which the ſervants had ſtopped for fear of rendering their Lord worſe by the motion. It was long ere he regained his ſenſes). We then ſlowly proceeded to the poſt-houſe; but think of my rage, my regret, when, upon enquiring for him, I learned that, during the buſtle in the paſſage, Claude had ſlipped from the parlour, and eſcaped from the houſe by a back way, fearing, no doubt, that I would not keep my promiſe to him. 'Tis a true ſaying, my Lord, that a man generally judges of the diſpoſition of others by his own, ſo Claude, being himſelf a deceiver, feared deception from me.'

"Lafroy then proceeded to inform me, that he had, ever ſince the death of my brother, been immediately about the perſon of the Marquis, and ended his converſation

with aſſurances of being ever faithful to me and mine."

"It muſt have been to D'Alembert that Claude confeſſed his guilt," ſaid Madeline.

"So I think (cried her father); I know of no other way by which he could have attained a knowledge of my life."

"Ah! what a baſe advantage does he take of the ſecret repoſed in him!" ſaid Madeline.

"A baſe one indeed (repeated St. Julian). Oh! my child, never can I conſent to bribe him to ſilence by ſacrificing you. What, to ſave a life upon which miſery is entailed—a life already in its decline—ſhall I devote my heart's beſt treaſure to wretchedneſs?—no, Madeline, no; ſooner will I brave the threats, will I meet the vengeance of D'Alembert, than conſent to ſuch a meaſure."

"And do you think (cried Madeline), in an union with D'Alembert's ſon I could feel half the wretchedneſs I muſt experience if, by perſevering in your preſent intentions, you provoke his reſentment, and become its victim?

victim? no—believe me I could not. But I have ſworn (continued ſhe, wildly ſtarting from her ſeat), I have ſworn to become the wife of D'Alembert, if by no other means I can prevail upon his father to keep ſecret the fatal events of your life; the oath is recorded in heaven—what mortal then ſhall be daring enough to bid me break it?"

"My Madeline! my love! (cried her father, terrified by her ſtrong emotions, and catching her hand), a thought has juſt ſtruck me, which may perhaps extricate us from our preſent trouble; 'tis evident that neither D'Alembert nor his ſon would deſire an union with you, but for the ſake of the fortune you are to poſſeſs."

"Evident indeed,' repeated Madeline.

"I think then (reſumed St. Julian), that if we were to promiſe to reſign that fortune to them, they would ceaſe all further ſolicitations for your hand."

"A merciful God has ſurely inſpired you with the idea (ſaid Madeline, while tears of joy fell from her). Oh, I have no doubt but

our perſecution would immediately ceaſe, if their avarice was once ſatisfied."

"Send then for D'Alembert (cried St. Julian), and tell him, if he vows inviolable ſecrecy with regard to me, and promiſes to relinquiſh all ideas of an union between you and his ſon, both you and your father will, without delay, ſign any paper he may pleaſe to draw up, reſigning to him and his heirs for ever all right and title to the fortunes of Montmorenci."

"I will ſend for him directly," exclaimed Madeline.

"Ah! my child (ſaid St. Julian, ſtill detaining and looking mournfully at her), muſt I then bid you ſign away your birth-right? muſt my crimes doom you to obſcurity?—for me muſt you forfeit that wealth, that rank, you are entitled to?—"

"Talk not to me of wealth or rank (ſaid Madeline); what happineſs have I experienced from the poſſeſſion of either?—Oh! my father, never did I know real peace ſince I left the dear cottage where I was brought

brought up ; to be again its humble inmate is the ſummit of my wiſhes."

"Gladly indeed ſhall I reſign all pretenſions to rank and ſplendour (cried St. Julian); gladly ſhall I quit this manſion, where the ſpirit of a murdered brother takes its nightly rounds to fill my ſoul with horror. Yes, Madeline, in the dead of the night, when all but miſery and deſpair are ſunk in repoſe, my ears are often pierced by dreadful groans and melancholy cries, ſuch as diſturbed the tranquillity of the family the firſt night we entered within theſe walls."

"Oh! would to heaven (exclaimed Madeline, ſhuddering and appalled), that our departure from the caſtle immediately followed our renunciation of the fortune appertaining to it."

"Would to heaven it did! (ſaid St. Julian); but to quit it during the life-time of the Marquis is impoſſible."

"Let me no longer delay ſending for D'Alembert," cried ſhe. As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe diſengaged her hand, and, flying to the bell,

rung it with violence. A ſervant almoſt inſtantly obeyed the ſummons, by whom ſhe diſpatched a meſſage to D'Alembert, requeſting to ſee him directly. Unwilling to meet him in the preſent agitated ſtate of his mind, her father tenderly embraced her, and then left the room.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Misfortunes on misfortunes preſs upon me,
Swell o'er my head like waves, and daſh me down!
Sorrow and ſhame have torn my ſoul,
And blaſt the ſpring and promiſe of my year;
They hang like winter on my youthful hopes.
So flow'rs are gathered to adorn a grave,
To loſe their freſhneſs among bones and rottenneſs,
And have their odours ſtifled in the duſt.

ST. JULIAN had ſcarcely quitted the apartment ere D'Alembert entered it—"I am come, Madam (ſaid he, bowing), to receive your commands."

"Rather ſay, Sir (cried Madeline, with a haughtineſs ſhe could not repreſs), you are come to pronounce my doom. I cannot (continued ſhe, riſing and cloſing the door), deny that you have my father, conſequently me, completely in your power; I ſhall therefore no longer attempt to refuſe—I ſhall only attempt to entreat."

"You already know my reſolution (ſaid D'Alembert, loſing all the gentleneſs with which he had entered the apartment); urge, therefore, no entreaty which I muſt refuſe."

"I truſt I ſhall not (ſaid Madeline); my entreaty is, that, inſtead of my hand, you would accept of a title to the fortunes I may poſſeſs for your ſon."

"I do not underſtand you," cried D'Alembert, looking ſteadily at her.

"I think my meaning is obvious (ſaid Madeline); I offer to your ſon the charm which attracts him to me. Yes, D'Alembert, I am convinced that had I ſtill been Madeline Clermont, the humble inmate of a lonely

a lonely cottage, he never would have deſired an alliance with me. Gladly, therefore, will I reſign all that can now render him ſolicitous for that alliance; and am authorized by my father to tell you, that provided you promiſe, ſolemnly promiſe never to divulge the events of his unhappy life—events which, if properly ſtated, you muſt more compaſſionate than condemn him for, and withdraw the addreſſes of your ſon, he will, jointly with me, ſign any paper you may pleaſe to draw up, reſigning for ever to you and your heirs the fortunes of Montmorenci."

"Both you and your father are certainly entitled to the thanks of me and my ſon for your generous intentions (cried D'Alembert, bowing, and ſcornfully ſmiling). I will not pretend to ſay that either he or I are inſenſible of the value of riches, but we are not quite ſo intereſted as you imagine. The fortunes of Montmorenci would, to him, loſe half their eſtimation, if the lovely Madeline was not attached to them. His therefore ſhe

muſt be, if ſhe wiſhes to preſerve the exiſtence of her father, for on her compliance my ſecrecy depends."

Madeline dropped on her knees—"Kneel by me then (ſhe exclaimed), and ſwear, if I promiſe to ſacrifice myſelf, that that ſecrecy will never be violated."

"I ſwear (ſaid D'Alembert, bending his knee to the ground), that if you become the wife of my ſon, all that I know concerning your father ſhall be buried within my breaſt."

"Diſpoſe of me then (cried Madeline) as you pleaſe. Yet, Oh! D'Alembert (ſhe continued, in a voice of agony, and raiſing her eyes to his face), if you value the happineſs of your ſon, give not to his arms a reluctant wife—cold and joyleſs muſt be ſuch a gift! In pity to him therefore, as well as me, give up all idea of our union."

"Never, (ſaid D'Alembert, as he raiſed her from the floor); though you may marry with indifference, the tenderneſs of my ſon will

ſoon

ſoon, I am confident, convert that indifference into love."

"Love!" repeated Madeline. She involuntarily caſt her eyes upon the portrait, which bore ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to de Sevignie. It was her diſordered fancy, no doubt, which made her at that moment imagine the eyes regarded her with an expreſſion of the deepeſt melancholy; every tender ſcene ſhe had experienced with him ruſhed to her recollection. She felt ſhe could never ceaſe to adore him; ſhe felt that, in the arms of another, ſhe muſt ſtill ſigh for him: and, ſhuddering, almoſt ſhrieking, at the idea of the dreadful deſtiny which would ſoon render ſuch ſighs a crime, ſhe fell in convulſive agitation upon the boſom of D'Alembert. He ſupported her to a window, and in a few minutes ſhe began a little to revive. She then diſengaged herſelf from his arms.

"You are ſtill ill (ſaid he); permit me therefore to ſupport you."

"No (replied ſhe, withholding the hand he attempted to take); upon the boſom which cannot pity me, I will not lean."

"You are now prejudiced againſt me (ſaid D'Alembert); my profeſſions, therefore, you would diſregard; but I truſt the period will ſhortly arrive in which you will believe me ſincere when I ſay, that the eſteem, the tenderneſs, your virtues merit, I feel for you. Will you now permit me (cried he, after a pauſe), to go and acquaint the Marquis with the happineſs which awaits my ſon?"

Anxious to be relieved from his preſence, Madeline deſired him to do as he pleaſed, and he directly left her. The agonies of her ſoul then burſt forth, and in tears and broken exclamations ſhe vented her feelings. In this ſituation her father ſurprized her:—Pale, trembling, the very picture of melancholy and deſpair, he approached her.

"D'Alembert

"D'Alembert was then inflexible (ſaid he). He has juſt annnounced to the Marquis and me your acceptance of his ſon. Oh! my child, can you pardon the father who has doomed you to wretchedneſs?"

Madeline flung herſelf into his arms. She would have ſpoken—ſhe would have aſſured him, that the wretchedneſs of her deſtiny could not be as great as he imagined, from knowing that it had mitigated his; but ſighs and ſobs impeded her utterance. At length, raiſing her head—Oh! my father (ſhe ſaid), do not torture me by ſuch language; ſtrengthen, inſtead of weakening me; aid me—adviſe me; enable me to perform the duties of the ſtation I am about entering into. That God (cried ſhe, lifting her ſtreaming eyes to heaven), that God whom we both worſhip and adore, delights not in the miſeries of his creatures: when, therefore, acting right, we may ſurely hope that he will mitigate our ſorrows."

A ſum-

A ſummons to dinner prevented all further converſation. Madeline declared her utter inability of obeying it, and entreated her father to apologize for her abſence.

Reluctantly he left her. Nothing could have prevailed upon him to do ſo, but a fear of diſtreſſing the Marquis if he abſented himſelf from the table; and he promiſed to return as ſoon as he poſſibly could to her.

During his abſence, Madeline determined to exert herſelf in order to regain ſome degree of compoſure. "But little ſhall I ſerve him (cried ſhe), by the ſacrifice of myſelf, if I let him know the anguiſh excited by that ſacrifice."

He had been gone about half an hour when ſhe heard a gentle knock at the dreſſing-room door. She ſtarted, but inſtantly recollecting herſelf, and ſuppoſing it to come from ſome one of the ſervants, ſhe deſired the door to be opened. She was obeyed directly,

directly, and a man, whom ſhe had never ſeen before, made his appearance.

Madeline roſe from her chair, and ſurveyed him with aſtoniſhment. He approached her with evident diffidence and agitation, and offered her a letter. "From whom does it come?" ſaid Madeline without taking it.

"From a friend to virtue (he replied). Delay not to read it (continued he, dropping it at her feet, for ſurprize rendered her unable to extend her hand): obſerve its advice, and avoid deſtruction." So ſaying, he ruſhed from the room, and cloſed the door after him.

Madeline remained many minutes without motion. She then repeated his words—"And will this letter (cried ſhe, taking it up) point out a way by which I can avoid deſtruction?" She broke the ſeal with a trembling hand, and read as follows:—

"LADY,

"The unhappy wife of young D'Alembert ſtill exiſts; the ſtory of her death was invented for the vileſt purpoſes—purpoſes which, under Providence, I truſt I ſhall be the humble inſtrument of defeating. Too long have I been the ſlave of vice—too long an acceſſary in all the horrid ſchemes of an iniquitous father and ſon! but heaven has at length awakened me to remorſe; and, if the ſincereſt penitence for paſt enormities, and moſt ſtrenuous endeavours to undo all the miſchief I have done, can expiate error, I hope to be forgiven. I am now haſtening to the place where the moſt lovely and moſt injured of her ſex groans in captivity! but, till her liberation is effected, as you value her life (my worthleſs one I will not mention), keep ſecret the contents of this letter; were they prematurely known, there is no doubt but her death would be the immediate conſequence. Oh! Lady, pray for her; pray that the efforts of a ſorrowing and repentant wretch may be ſucceſsful in reſcuing virtue, and pre-

preſerving innocence: and may that heaven, which muſt ever regard purity like thine, ever render abortive all ſchemes that wickedneſs may plan againſt thee!"

No language could do juſtice to the feelings of Madeline on peruſing this letter; but the aſtoniſhment, the ecſtacy, with which the knowledge of her friend's exiſtence inſpired her, ſoon gave way to apprehenſions for her father. She trembled to think of the horrors which D'Alembert might entail upon him in revenge for the diſappointment of his hopes. "It will gladden his cruel and malicious ſoul (cried ſhe) to plunge my father into the gulph of deſtruction—that gulph, into which the diſcovery of his own crimes muſt precipitate himſelf."

Her heart throbbing with impatience, ſhe anxiouſly liſtened for her father. The moment he appeared, ſhe flew to him, and put the letter into his hand. Her looks prepared

pared him for ſomething wonderful, and he eagerly caſt his eye over it.

" Oh, villains! (exclaimed he, ere he had half peruſed it) what puniſhment can be adequate to your crimes! My child (reſumed he, after finiſhing the letter, tenderly embracing her as he ſpoke), thou art indeed, as the good muſt ever be, the peculiar care of Providence. Oh! with the moſt heart-felt gratitude do I acknowledge its goodneſs in preſerving you from the ſnare which was ſet for you :—this inſtant would I expoſe the execrable contrivers of it to the fate they merit; this inſtant, notwithſtanding the power which treachery has given them over me, brand them with infamy, did I not fear, in conſequence of ſome part of this letter, taking any ſtep of the kind till after the liberation of the unhappy Madame D'Alembert is effected. It would be an ill requital for the kindneſs of my dear lamented friend if, to gratify myſelf by puniſhing immediately an injury

injury meditated againſt my child, I occaſioned the deſtruction of her's."

"Oh! my father (cried Madeline, whoſe heart was now ſolely occupied by fears on his account), think not of puniſhing the monſters—think only how you may avoid their malice."

"Avoid it! (exclaimed St. Julian, looking ſternly at her); no, I will brave it, I will brave their threats—I will brave the horrors they may draw upon me, to have the ſatisfaction of puniſhing myſelf their meditated injury againſt you."

This was what Madeline had dreaded; his indignation at their deſigns againſt her would, ſhe feared, tranſport him beyond all conſideration for himſelf.

She threw herſelf at his feet, and with tears beſought him to ſacrifice his reſentment to his ſafety. "You have ever told me, ever taught me to believe (ſhe exclaimed), that you tenderly regarded your Madeline;

Madeline; Oh! now, my father, prove that regard by endeavouring to preſerve a life with which her's is entwined."

Her entreaties had at length the deſired effect; paſſion gave way to pity; and, raiſing her from the ground, while he preſſed her to his heart, St. Julian told her that the value ſhe ſet upon his life made him in ſome degree value it himſelf. "I will therefore go (ſaid he) to Lafroy—he is faithful and clever, and conſult with him how I may beſt brave the coming ſtorm: for, like you, I am convinced that, when once the villainy of D'Alembert is diſcovered, and conſequently his hopes relative to you overthrown, he will reveal all he knows concerning me."

"Oh, go—go (cried Madeline, diſengaging herſelf from his arms); go directly to Lafroy, and be quick, I entreat you, my father, in your return."

She

She followed him to the gallery, determined to wait there till he came back. A conſiderable time elapſed without bringing him; and the fears of Madeline were at length ſo excited by his long abſence, that ſhe was juſt going in queſt of him, when ſhe ſaw him and Lafroy approaching.

"I fear you have been uneaſy at my not returning ſooner (ſaid he); but it required time to deliberate on what was to be done."

"What have you determined on?" ſaid Madeline as they entered the dreſſing-room, and cloſed the door.

"On parting," replied he, in an accent of the deepeſt ſorrow.

"On parting!" repeated Madeline, ſtepping back, and looking wildly at him.

"Yes; to remain in the caſtle, would be to await quietly the fate to which D'Alembert will expoſe me."

"It would indeed (ſaid Lafroy); I have no doubt but that the moment his baſeneſs is diſcovered, Monſieur D'Alembert will re-

veal every particular he knows concerning you: and I am ſorry to ſay, from my knowledge of the Marquis's diſpoſition, I am ſure he will admit of no circumſtance as a palliation of the murder of Lord Philippe."

Madeline ſhuddered at the word murder, and involuntarily averted her head from Lafroy.

"Murder ſounds harſhly in my daughter's ears," cried St. Julian in rather a reſentful tone.

"I beg your pardon, my Lord (ſaid Lafroy) for having ſpoken unguardedly; nothing, I can aſſure your Lordſhip, would diſtreſs me ſo much as to offend or give pain to either you or Lady Madeline; 'tis my moſt ardent wiſh to ſerve you both."

"And whither (cried Madeline, turning to her father), Oh! whither, if you quit this caſtle, can you betake yourſelf?"

"With the moſt wild and romantic ſolitudes of the Alps I am well acquainted (ſaid

ſaid he), and amongſt them I mean to ſeek a ſhelter."

"The holy man, who was ſo kind to my mother and her unfortunate family, may then again befriend you," cried ſhe.

"Alas! (exclaimed St. Julian) he is gone long ſince to receive the bleſſed reward his virtues merited: about eight years ago I was aſſured of his death by the termination of our correſpondence."

"Oh! my father (cried Madeline, graſping his arm), may I not accompany you?"

"Lord! my Lady (exclaimed Lafroy), ſurely you could not think of ſuch a thing; ſurely you could not think of abandoning all proſpect of rank and independence?"

"Yes, (replied Madeline); to have the power of mitigating a father's diſtreſſes, I would abandon every proſpect this world could preſent."

"But by accompanying him you would rather increaſe than mitigate his diſtreſſes. Situations which, on his own account, he would not mind, he would then tremble

at

at on your's. Beſides, you would retard the expedition it is neceſſary for him to make, and prevent his exploring the places beſt calculated for affording him an aſylum."

"What reaſon can be aſſigned, what excuſe offered to the Marquis for his quitting the caſtle, clandeſtinely quitting it," demanded Madeline."

"He muſt write a letter to the Marquis (reſumed Lafroy), to be delivered the day after his departure, informing him that the misfortunes of his early life had given him ſuch a diſtaſte to ſociety, that he had formed the reſolution of renouncing the world; a reſolution which, for fear of oppoſition, he would not acquaint him with till he had put it into execution."

"But when he finds, as no doubt from D'Alembert he will, that this was not his real motive for quitting the caſtle, how—how (cried Madeline), ſhall I be able to ſupport his reproaches?"

"You muſt ſummon all your reſolution to your aid (ſaid Lafroy), and brave the ſtorm

ſtorm from a certainty of having it ſoon over. The Marquis is old; he cannot puniſh you for an action committed by your father; and, after his death, if the Count is ſtill compelled to ſeclude himſelf from a fear of the connections of Lord Philippe, you may viſit him without controul."

"Well (ſaid Madeline), I will exert myſelf; and, confiding my father to the mercy of a God whom he never wilfully offended, look forward to happier days. When muſt we part?" cried ſhe, turning to St. Julian, who had thrown himſelf upon a ſofa.

"To-night," replied he in a melancholy voice.

"To-night!" repeated Madeline,

"He muſt go while the coaſt is clear (ſaid Lafroy); you know Monſieur D'Alembert's ſon is now ſhortly expected; and were he and his numerous retinue of ſervants once arrived, it would be impoſſible for my Lord the Count to eſcape without obſervation."

"Was it from a ſervant of young D'Alembert's I received the letter?"

"Yes, from an old confidential ſervant, well acquainted, no doubt, as he himſelf has ſaid, with the villainy of his maſter."

"How does my father travel? (aſked Madeline), or how, or by whoſe means am I to hear from him? for except I do hear, I ſhall be diſtracted."

"It ſhall be my care to ſettle every thing to his ſatisfaction and your's (ſaid Lafroy): as ſoon as it is dark, I will conduct him to the houſe of a friend I can rely upon, a little beyond the foreſt, from whence he can procure a conveyance to the Alps, and to which his letters can be directed; by the ſame channel too you can forward your's, and alſo remit any ſupply of money he may want."

"Your ingenuity has obviated all our difficulties (ſaid St. Julian, riſing from the ſofa). I truſt I may yet have power to reward you, my good friend, for your zeal and fidelity; but if not, my beloved child will, I am convinced, readily pay off any debt of gratitude I may incur."

Every

Every plan relative to him being now arranged, and the day declining, St. Julian ſat down to pen his letter to his father, whilſt his agonized Madeline hung over him, and Lafroy retired to pack up a few neceſſaries for him.

The letter concluded, he devoted the little time he had to remain in the caſtle to the purpoſe of conſoling his Madeline, and exhorting her to fortitude. She promiſed to exert herſelf, but it was a promiſe given in ſuch a manner, with ſuch tears and ſobs, as gave her father little hope ſhe would ever be able to fulfil it.

With ſtreaming eyes ſhe watched the laſt lingering beams of day, and fancied that darkneſs had never before been ſo quick in its approach. At length Lafroy appeared; he carried a glimmering light, which he laid upon a table, and told the Count, in a whiſpering voice, that it was time to depart. He inſtantly aroſe—"Farewel! my child, (ſaid he, ſtraining his Madeline to his heart),

ſoul of my ſoul, life of my life—farewel!—Oh! for the ſake of thy wandering and exiled father—Oh! to be enabled to give him future comfort, ſuch comfort as ſhall repay him for paſt troubles, exert thyſelf!"

"I will, I will (cried Madeline); when the bitterneſs of this moment is over, I ſhall be better."

"Do not longer delay, my Lord (ſaid Lafroy); I fear if you do, ſome interruption from the ſervants, who will ſoon be buſy preparing for ſupper."

St. Julian gently withdrew his arms from his daughter. She did not attempt to detain him; and yet her very ſoul ſeemed fleeting after him as he turned from her. "Lafroy (cried ſhe, following them to the gallery), the moment you return to the caſtle, you muſt come up to me."

"You may depend on my doing ſo," ſaid he.

"And you, my father, ſhe reſumed, muſt write to me without delay, if you wiſh to ſave me from diſtraction." "The

"The very minute I arrive at a place of ſafety, I will write to you," he replied, again embracing her.

Once more Lafroy conjured St. Julian to haſten with him; and, ſighing out another adieu, the unhappy father turned from his weeping child. When ſhe could no longer hear his ſteps from the gallery, ſhe flew to her chamber, and, flinging up the ſaſh, bent from the window to try if ſhe could hear them in the foreſt; but a cold wind whiſtled through it, which prevented any other ſound than that of its own murmurs from being diſtinguiſhed; yet, though ſhe could neither ſee nor hear him, ſhe continued at the window till a ſudden light flaſhing behind her, made her ſtart from it; and, turning round, ſhe beheld one of the female ſervants.

"I hope I have not frightened your Ladyſhip (ſaid the girl, curteſying); I have brought you ſome refreſhments from Mrs.

Beatrice; and ſhe deſired me to ſay that ſhe would have ſent ſomething before, only ſhe heard you were engaged with my Lord the Count, and alſo that ſhe would have come herſelf only ſhe was unwell."

"I am ſorry to hear ſhe is ill," cried Madeline, ſinking into a chair.

"She is indeed; but bleſs me, your Ladyſhip looks very ill too; had you not better take ſomething, for you ſeem quite faint?"

Madeline was quite overpowered by weakneſs, and gladly took a little bread and wine to try and ſupport her ſinking frame.

"The cold wind which comes through this window, is enough to pierce your Ladyſhip," ſaid the maid.

"It does (cried Madeline to herſelf, and ſighing heavily), it does indeed pierce me to the heart, becauſe I know my father is expoſed to it. Good night, my good girl, (ſaid ſhe, addreſſing her attendant), good night;

ſay

ſay nothing of my indiſpoſition; I am ſure I ſhall be better to-morrow."

"Your Ladyſhip will not then come down to-night."

"No;—who is with the Marquis?"

"Monſieur D'Alembert; my Lord the Count I underſtand is out. 'Tis very bold to be ſure of me to ſpeak on the ſubject, but I cannot help ſaying I wonder how he can like to ramble through the foreſt after it is dark."

Madeline roſe in much agitation—"I ſuppoſe the Marquis (ſaid ſhe, wiſhing to change the converſation), will ſoon go to ſupper."

"Oh yes, Ma'am; you know, ſince my Lord the Count's cuſtom of rambling has been known, the Marquis never waits for him after a certain hour."

"True," cried Madeline. She then repeated her good night, and the maid retired.

Alternately traverſing her chamber, alternately looking from the window, Madeline

paſſed two tedious hours ere Lafroy appeared. He then knocked gently at the door, which ſhe eagerly opened, and as eagerly enquired about her father.

"He has begun his journey (ſaid Lafroy); I readily procured the aſſiſtance of my friend, who will be his companion ſome part of the way."

"And can your friend really be depended on?" aſked Madeline.

"I can as ſafely anſwer for his fidelity as my own (replied Lafroy); and mine I hope you do not doubt."

"No (cried Madeline), if I did, I ſhould be completely wretched. Oh! Lafroy (ſhe continued), now I dread to-morrow; I tremble to think of the interrogations of the Marquis; as long as it is poſſible to do ſo, poſtpone the delivery of the letter."

"You may be aſſured I ſhall not deliver it till there is an abſolute neceſſity for doing ſo (he replied), and then I ſhall pretend I found it in the chamber of the Count."

"I ſhall

"I ſhall keep out of the Marquis's way till he has read the letter," ſaid Madeline.

"I think you will be right in doing ſo (cried Lafroy); you can plead indiſpoſition, and confine yourſelf to your chamber entirely to-morrow; and depend on my ingenuity for deviſing ſome ſcheme to prevent your being diſturbed either by the Marquis or the ſervants, even after the diſcovery of the Count's departure has taken place."

"Alas! (ſaid Madeline) how trifling will be all I ſhall perhaps endure after this diſcovery, to what, in all probability, I ſhall ſuffer when the real cauſe of his departure is known!"

"You muſt only (cried Lafroy), as I ſaid before, brave the ſtorm, from a hope of having it ſoon over. The Marquis no doubt will be violent, and endeavour to wreſt from you the ſecret of your father's reſidence; you muſt therefore deny your knowledge of it."

"No (exclaimed Madeline), I diſdain a falſehood; to deny it would be to doubt

my own reſolution of keeping it. After all (continued ſhe), upon reflection I do not think the Marquis can be ſo violent as you imagine; he muſt be convinced, and that conviction muſt ſurely mollify his reſentment, that, had intereſted motives cauſed the death of Lord Philippe, my father, inſtead of retiring to obſcurity, would have made ſome effort to obtain his favour."

"But to refute that idea, may it not be ſaid (cried Lafroy), that he remained in obſcurity ſo many years but to avoid ſuſpicion, which he feared might be excited if he ſooner threw himſelf in the way of his father?"

"He never threw himſelf in the way of the Marquis," interrupted Madeline.

"No, but he threw you, which was juſt the ſame thing; that is, I mean it may be ſaid he did; it may be ſaid that deſign, not chance, brought you to the caſtle; D'Alembert is equal to any falſehood."

"Heaven defend us from his machinations!" cried Madeline.

"I will

"I will now leave you to repoſe (ſaid Lafroy); I am ſure you need it, for the events of this day muſt certainly have agitated you not a little."

Madeline conjured him to come to her as ſoon as he poſſibly could after the delivery of the letter, which he promiſed to do, and then retired.

Kneeling down, Madeline then implored the protection of Heaven for her father, and its ſupport for herſelf through the numerous trials ſhe feared ſhe had to encounter; after which, faint and exhauſted by the agitations ſhe had experienced, ſhe went to bed. Her mind was too much diſturbed to permit her ſlumbers to be tranquil; and ſhe aroſe unrefreſhed at the dawn of day. At the uſual hour, a ſervant (the ſame who had attended her the preceding night) appeared to inform her breakfaſt was ready. Madeline ſaid ſhe was too unwell to go down, and deſired her's to be broughr to her dreſſing-room. She

was accordingly obeyed; and, as the maid was laying the table—"The Count has gone out to ramble again this morning, Madam (ſaid ſhe); Lafroy went to call him to breakfaſt, and found his chamber-door locked on the outſide."

The converſation her attendant was inclined to enter into was truly diſtreſſing to Madeline, and ſhe ſoon diſmiſſed her. In a ſtate of perturbation which rendered her unable to read or work, or do any thing to try and amuſe her thoughts, the heavy hours wore away without any creature coming near her till dinner time; Nannette then again appeared, and deſired to know whether ſhe would come down. Madeline replied in the negative, and dinner was brought to her.

"'Tis very extraordinary, Madam (cried Nannette as ſhe ſtood behind the chair), very extraordinary indeed that the Count has not yet returned; don't you think ſo?"

"You

"You may take away the things (ſaid Madeline); and, Nannette, you need not come again till I ring for you."

"Very well, Madam. But dear heart! my Lady, you really have eaten no dinner; I am afraid you are fretting about the Count."

Madeline made no reply, but took up a book to ſignify her wiſh of being alone, and Nannette left her.

The moment ſhe had retired, Madeline threw aſide the book, and walked about the room in an agitation which ſhook her frame. "The hour approaches for the delivery of the letter (cried ſhe); Oh! heaven forbid the Marquis ſhould come to me after peruſing it! this evening I could not ſummon ſufficient ſpirits to ſupport an interview."

She now every inſtant expected Lafroy; but two hours paſſed away without bringing him, during which ſhe frequently ſtole to the gallery to try if ſhe could hear him ap-

proaching. Tired at length of liſtening for him, ſhe threw herſelf on a chair by the window, and gave way in tears to the oppreſſion of her heart. Never had ſhe before experienced ſuch a degree of wretchedneſs; ſhe felt neglected, abandoned by all! the gloom of cloſing day, the cold wind which ruſtled through the foreſt, bringing the leaves in ſhowers from the trees, and bearing to her ear the diſmal tolling of a diſtant convent bell, heightened if poſſible her melancholy.

"Oh! my father (ſhe cried), to what miſery have you left your Madeline!" The door creeked upon its ruſty hinges; ſhe ſtarted, and beheld Lafroy.

"Ah! (ſhe exclaimed, riſing to meet him), I thought you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!" he repeated as he cautiouſly cloſed the door.

"Has the Marquis received the letter?" eagerly interrupted Madeline.

"Yes."

"Well, and what (cried ſhe, gaſping for breath) does he ſay?"

"Ah! my dear young lady, I have bad news for you," exclaimed Lafroy.

"Bad news! what—does the Marquis ſuſpect the truth? Has he ſent to purſue my father?"

"He has not yet ſent any one to purſue him (replied Lafroy), but he ſoon will; for—D'Alembert has diſcovered all."

The ſhock which thoſe words gave to Madeline, was almoſt more than ſhe could ſupport, and ſhe ſunk, nearly fainting, againſt the ſhoulder of Lafroy.

"Do you think (cried ſhe, raiſing her head in a few minutes from it), do you think that my father can baffle the purſuit?"

"I truſt he may have a ſafe retreat ſecured ere it commences. But you muſt not turn you thoughts entirely upon him; you

you muſt now think of yourſelf—think of eſcaping from the caſtle."

"Of eſcaping!" repeated Madeline.

"Yes, if you wiſh to avoid cruelty and oppreſſion."

"Explain yourſelf," ſaid Madeline.

"I will if you promiſe to compoſe yourſelf—if you promiſe not to interrupt me—briefly and explicitly inform you of the ſufferings which await you if you continue in the caſtle."

"I promiſe," cried Madeline.

"To begin then (ſaid Lafroy). After I had delivered the Count's letter to the Marquis, I ſtepped into an adjoining room to liſten to the converſation which would enſue between him and D'Alembert in conſequence of it. Long I had not remained in my concealment, ere my ears were ſhocked by hearing D'Alembert deride the aſſertion contained in the letter, and begin a horrid narrative of all he knew concerning your father. I will not pain you by repeating what the Marquis ſaid; ſuffice it to ſay, he vowed the

the moſt implacable vengeance againſt the Count, and ſwore the world ſhould be ſearched to diſcover him.

'His daughter to be ſure (cried D'Alembert), who 'tis obvious wiſhes to have you, as well as your father, put out of the way in order to gain, without diviſion, the fortunes of Montmorenci), is acquainted with the ſecret of his retreat.'

'No doubt (replied the Marquis), and I will obtain it from her.'

'I have little hope of your being able to do ſo,' cried D'Alembert.

'If gentle means will not prevail on her to reveal it (cried the Marquis), other methods ſhall be tried; every torture, every ſuffering, which can be deviſed, ſhall be practiſed upon her in this caſtle to wring it from her.'

"On hearing this (continued Lafroy), I haſtened to you to apprize you of your danger, and aſſiſt you in eſcaping it."

"This inſtant let me go (cried Madeline), this inſtant let me fly from thoſe hated

hated walls—let me purſue the ſteps of my father."

"To do ſo would be madneſs (replied Lafroy); to follow his ſteps, would be to give a clue to his purſuers to diſcover him."

"Then guide me to a convent," cried Madeline.

"No; for a convent would be the worſt aſylum you could enter. The Marquis's power is great; on miſſing you, he will naturally conclude you have taken ſhelter in one, and will, I am confident, immediately get himſelf authorized to ſearch throughout the religious houſes for you, in order to get you again into his hands."

"Whither then (ſaid Madeline in an agony), Oh! whither ſhall I go?"

"I have a female relation in Paris (cried Lafroy), who I am ſure would be happy to afford you an aſylum. She is far advanced in life; a woman of an amiable diſpoſition, and houſekeeper to a gentleman of large fortune, who, on the death of his wife, which happened ſome years ago, betook himſelf to travel,

travel, and left his houſe, a very fine one, to the entire care of my aunt; to her I can get my friend (the ſame who aſſiſted your father in eſcaping) to convey you, and alſo a letter to her, imploring her protection for you."

"What reaſon will you aſſign for my requiring that protection?" demanded Madeline.

"I ſhall ſay (I truſt you will excuſe me for it, cried Lafroy), that your father is a particular friend of mine, who, from embarraſſed circumſtances, has been compelled to quit his reſidence near the caſtle of Montmorenci, for the purpoſe of ſeeking one elſewhere, and that, till he procures it, he has conſigned you to my care."

Madeline felt truly grateful to Lafroy for the readineſs with which he offered his ſervices, yet at the ſame time moſt unwilling to accept them; and again ſhe expreſſed a wiſh to retire to a convent—a wiſh, which was again oppoſed with vehemence by Lafroy, who aſſured her he was confident, if ſhe went

went to one, that in a few days ſhe would be dragged from it by the Marquis.—"By this (he continued), I dare ſay every plan relative to you and your father is ſettled; no time, therefore, is to be loſt, for if the Marquis and D'Alembert once ſeize you, to eſcape will be beyond your power."

"I am ready (cried Madeline), I am ready this moment to fly."

A ſcarf hung upon the back of a chair, which Lafroy took up and wrapped about her; he then drew her trembling hand under his arm, and with light ſteps they ſtole down a flight of back ſtairs, and through a back court entered the foreſt.

They proceeded a conſiderable way through the foreſt before Lafroy would permit Madeline to ſlacken her pace for the purpoſe of aſking whither they were now going.

When

When at length ſhe had power to make the enquiry, "we are going (ſaid he in reply to it) to the cottage of my friend, where every thing relative to your journey can be adjuſted, and where it never will occur to the Marquis or D'Alembert to ſearch for you."

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Wild hurrying thoughts
Start ev'ry way from my diſtracted ſoul
To find out hope, and only meet deſpair.

THE habitation of Lafroy's friend ſtood about half a league from the foreſt;—it was a lonely and ſequeſtered cottage, built by the ſide of a river, and ſhaded by fine old trees, above which a range of lofty mountains raiſed their proud heads. On reaching it, Lafroy ſeated Madeline on a little bench before it, and deſired her to continue there till he had ſettled every thing relative to her journey with his friend: he then unlatched the

the door, and entered the cottage; in leſs than half an hour he returned to her, accompanied by an elderly man.

"Well, Mademoiſelle, (ſaid he, as he approached her) I have ſettled every thing, I hope, to your ſatisfaction. My friend has kindly promiſed to attend you to Paris, and is now going to L——, which is about two leagues off, to procure a proper conveyance for you."

"You muſt thank your friend for me (ſaid Madeline, riſing) for I have not language to expreſs the gratitude I feel for his promiſed protection."

"My friend Oliver is a good ſoul (cried Lafroy), and does not require thanks."

"No! (exclaimed Oliver) I do not, indeed!"

"I think you had better now retire to a chamber, and try to take ſome repoſe, ere you commence your journey," ſaid Lafroy.

"Do, Mademoiſelle (cried Oliver), my daughter will be happy to attend you."

"I have

"I have taken care (ſaid Lafroy, in a whiſpering voice to her), to guard you againſt all impertinent curioſity. I told a plauſible ſtory about you, and expreſsly deſired that no one but Oliver's daughter ſhould attend you;—ſhe is a good girl, and has promiſed to make up a bundle of her clothes for you to take to Paris; when once there, you can eaſily procure others.—Excuſe me if I aſk, whether you do not want your purſe repleniſhed?"

"No, (replied Madeline) I do not; I have money enough, I am ſure, to defray the expences of my journey, and the ſale of ſome valuable trinkets I have about me will, I hope, enable me, without inconvenience, to rejoin my father."

"As to the expences of your preſent journey, they are already defrayed (ſaid Lafroy); do not, my dear young lady, ſpeak upon the ſubject; the money I acquired in your family can never be better expended than in the ſervice of any one belonging to it."

"I cannot

"I cannot expreſs my feelings, (cried Madeline, melting into tears); 'tis only Heaven, Lafroy, that can properly reward your humanity."

"I muſt now bid you farewell, my dear lady (ſaid Lafroy); if I ſtay much longer from the Caſtle I fear being miſſed, and my abſence at this juncture would, I make no doubt, excite ſuſpicion.—Farewell! May Heaven and all its holy angels for ever watch over you!"

"Stop for one inſtant (cried Madeline, catching his arm). Oh! Lafroy! I entreat —I conjure you—the moment a letter arrives from my father, to forward it to me. I ſhall be all impatience—all agony—all diſtraction—till I hear of his ſafety, and know where or when I may rejoin him!"

"Reſt aſſured (ſaid Lafroy) that I ſhall do every thing you can wiſh. Once more, my dear young lady, farewell! Oliver has a letter to deliver to my aunt, which I wrote in the cottage; I am confident ſhe will do every thing in her power to make you happy."

Madeline mournfully ſhook her head.—"Alas! (ſhe cried to herſelf) any effort to make me happy will now, I fear, be unavailing."

"Come, Mademoiſelle (ſaid Oliver, as Lafroy turned from her), you had better ſtep into the houſe."

"I will (replied Madeline, as with ſtreaming eyes ſhe ſtill purſued the ſteps of Lafroy); but firſt tell me how long you think it will be ere you return with a carriage."

"About three hours, I think, (ſaid Oliver); I ſhall ride to L——, and will, you may aſſure yourſelf, make as much haſte as poſſible."

He now led her into the houſe, and conducted her to a chamber, at the door of which he left her, telling her, as he retired, that he ſhould ſend his daughter Thereſa to her with a light and ſupper. Left to herſelf, Madeline, inſtead of indulging tears and lamentations, tried to ſuppreſs both, and regain ſome little degree of compoſure.—

"I am

"I am embarked upon a ſtormy ſea (ſaid ſhe), and I muſt reſolutely brave its dangers if I hope to gain a port of ſafety."

She every inſtant expected Thereſa, but the minutes paſſed away without bringing her; this was a circumſtance Madeline did not by any means regret, as ſolitude and ſilence beſt ſuited her preſent feelings. She continued a conſiderable time deeply ruminating over paſt events, when ſhe was ſuddenly awakened from her reverie by ſtrains of ſoft muſic from without the houſe; they were ſtrains at once tender and ſolemn, and while they delighted, affected her to tears.—She went to a window, but juſt as ſhe had gently opened it, for the purpoſe of more diſtinctly hearing them, they entirely ceaſed. The beautiful proſpect, however, which the window commanded of the oppoſite mountains and the river, prevented her withdrawing immediately from it. It was a proſpect to which the beams of a riſing moon, and the ſtillneſs of the night gave additional

charms—a ſtillneſs which (to borrow a deſcription from a much-admired work) rendered the voice of the mountain waterfalls tremendous, as they all, in their variety of ſounds, were re-echoed from every cavern, whilſt the ſummits of the rocks began to receive the rays of the riſing moon, and appeared as if crowned with turrets of ſilver, from which the ſtars departed for their nightly round.

"Ah! (cried Madeline, to whoſe recollection the preſent ſcene brought thoſe ſhe had been accuſtomed to) perhaps at this very moment my father gazes upon a landſcape as ſublime and beautiful as the one I now behold, with ſadneſs, at the uncertainty of his Madeline ever again enjoying with him the works of nature."

She ceaſed, for again ſhe heard the ſoft breathings of the oboe, though at a conſiderable diſtance from the houſe.

Thro' glades and glooms the mingl'd meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

The penſive pleaſure which communicated itſelf to the feelings of Madeline, as with deep attention ſhe liſtened to the enchanting ſtrains, was ſoon interrupted by the now unwelcome appearance of her long expected viſiter.

" Dear Mademoiſelle! (cried ſhe, as Madeline turned from the window to receive her) dear Mademoiſelle! (as ſhe laid down a little tray with refreſhments) I hope you will have the goodneſs to excuſe my not coming to you before, but I would not come to you till I brought you ſomething to eat; do pray ſit down and try this omelet! I flatter myſelf you will find it good."

" I am afraid (ſaid Madeline), I have been the cauſe of a vaſt deal of trouble to you."

"Of pleaſure, inſtead of trouble (replied the little voluble Thereſa;) but, Lord! Mademoiſelle (continued ſhe, going to it, and putting it down), how could you bear the window up ſo cold a night?"

"I opened it (ſaid Madeline, as ſhe ſeated herſelf at the table) for the purpoſe of liſtening to the moſt enchanting muſic I ever heard. Pray who plays ſo divinely on the oboe?"

"My brother," replied Thereſa.

"Your brother! (repeated Madeline, ſomewhat ſurpriſed), why he ſeems a perfect maſter of muſic."

"Yes, that he is (ſaid Thereſa), and of many other accompliſhments too. Lord! if I had but the key of that cabinet; for you muſt know, Mademoiſelle, we are now in his room; it being the beſt in the houſe, my father procured it for you, I could ſhew you ſuch drawings of his as would I dare ſay, aſtoniſh you: there is one hangs juſt over your head, a view of ſome fine place he ſaw, for he has been a great traveller."

Madeline

Madeline ſtood up to examine it; but, Oh! what was her ſurpriſe, what the feelings of that moment, on beholding the landſcape which de Sevignie had ſketched of her native valley.

"Are you ſure (cried Madeline, looking wildly at Thereſa), are you ſure your brother drew this landſcape—are you ſure it is not a copy inſtead of an original?"

"Very ſure indeed (replied Thereſa); he told me himſelf he had drawn it, and I know he would not utter a falſehood."

"Yes (cried Madeline to herſelf), 'tis evident de Sevignie is the ſon of a cottager, and every thing which before appeared ſtrange and myſterious in his conduct, is now explained. Oh! de Sevignie, had no falſe pride reſtrained you—had you candidly, explicitly confeſſed your ſituation, what happineſs might now have been our's! for well am I convinced that neither my father nor my friend would have objected to our union

when once thoroughly aſſured of your worth."

"What is your brother's name?" aſked Madeline, wiſhing to remove every doubt, as to what ſhe ſuſpected, from her mind.

"Henri de Sevignie Melicour. Melicour is the name of his family, and he was called Henri de Sevignie after a great gentleman who ſtood godfather to him, and by whoſe deſire he received ſo different an education from the reſt of his family."

"And did he do nothing more than deſire him to be well educated?" ſaid Madeline.

"Why—yes—he made him handſome preſents at times, and enabled him to travel and keep fine company; and I believe that lately he would have made a certain proviſion for him, but that they have diſagreed."

"Diſagreed!" repeated Madeline, in an agitated voice.

"Yes—Henri's patron wants him to marry ſome great young lady, who has fallen deſperately in love with him, and he has poſitively refuſed to do ſo.

"Who

"Who is the lady?" aſked Madeline, in a voice ſcarcely intelligible.

"I really don't know, Ma'am; if I did, I would tell you; but my father never entruſts me with a ſecret, leſt I ſhould blab it; though I am ſure I ſhould never think of doing ſo; and ſo 'tis only by liſtening here, and liſtening there, I ever come to the knowledge of any thing. Poor Henri! my father has alſo quarelled with him, becauſe he has rejected this great offer: 'tis a cruel thing to do ſo; for, to be ſure, it is but natural to ſuppoſe he would accept it, if he could; but when a perſon is already in love, what can one do?"

"In love! (repeated Madeline) do you think your brother is in love?"

"Yes, I am ſure he is."

"But how ſure: did he ever tell you he was?"

"No—but one can eaſily gueſs he is, by the alteration in his looks and manner.—Lord, he is grown ſo pale, and ſo melancholy, he mopes about the whole day by himſelf;

and at night he wanders away to the bleak mountains, where he paſſes whole hours playing that melancholy muſic, which almoſt breaks one's heart to hear."

"It does indeed," ſaid Madeline with a deep ſigh.

"Bleſs me, Mademoiſelle, how pale you look; let me give you a glaſs of wine."

Madeline felt almoſt fainting, and took one in ſilence; after which, recovering a little, ſhe begged Thereſa to leave her—"I will lay down upon the bed (cried ſhe), and try to reſt myſelf till your father returns."

"Well, Mam'ſelle (ſaid Thereſa), ſince you deſire it, I will bid you good night; but had I not better draw the window-curtains, and leave you a light?"

"No, (replied Madeline), I prefer the ſhadowy light of the moon to any other; good night, as ſoon as your father comes back, let me be called."

Thereſa

Thereſa promiſed ſhe ſhould, and retired.

" Oh! de Sevignie, dear, unhappy de Sevignie! (exclaimed Madeline the moment ſhe was left to herſelf), what an aggravation of my miſery is the knowledge of your wretchedneſs—is the conviction of its being experienced on my account?—Yes, I well recollect your telling me, that it was on my account your youth was waſted, your hopes o'erthrown, your proſpects blaſted!—Yet, notwithſtanding your ſufferings, I could cruelly, unjuſtly condemn you, and expoſe you to the cenſure of others; falſely and raſhly I judged your conduct, and for ever ſhall I regret my doing ſo.

" It was him no doubt (ſhe continued), whom I beheld near the monumental pillar of Lord Philippe; from his vicinity to the caſtle, he muſt have heard of the occurrences which took place there, and he wandered to the foreſt perhaps from a hope of ſeeing me.

"What would he feel if now acquainted with the reverſe in my ſituation? what will he not feel when he hears it—when he hears that his Madeline was ſheltered beneath the roof of his father? But perhaps the latter circumſtance he may never learn;—if it would add to his miſery, Oh! may he never hear it!—Oh! may ſorrow and unavailing regret be removed from his heart;—may his hopes be revived, his proſpects rebrightened, and may——!" She pauſed—ſhe could not bring herſelf to wiſh him united to another—could not bring herſelf to wiſh that he ſhould take another to his heart, and expunge her for ever from it. "And yet am I not ſelfiſh (cried ſhe) in ſtill deſiring to retain his regard? our union is now impoſſible; for was he even to ſee me again (which 'tis very improbable he ever will), and offer me his hand, I would reject it;—reject it, becauſe I could not now in dowry with my heart, bring any thing but ſimple wiſhes for his happineſs. My deſtiny is fixed; the lonely ſolitude of my father ſhall be my home: and

and ſhould he deſcend before me to the grave, the remainder of my days I'll paſs within a cloiſter."

Exhauſted by fatigue and agitation, ſhe threw herſelf upon the bed, but ſleep was a ſtranger to her eye-lids: ſhe wept bitterly—wept o'er her misfortunes—yet wept with a kind of pleaſure at the idea of her tears falling upon the pillow on which, perhaps, de Sevignie had often ſighed forth her name.

The day was juſt dawning, when ſhe heard the rumbling of a diſtant carriage. She directly ſtarted from the bed, and the next inſtant Thereſa entered the chamber.

"My father is come, Mademoiſelle (ſaid ſhe), and impatient for you to be gone; I have brought you a hat, and given him a bundle of things for you."

Madeline, as ſhe tied on the hat, thanked her for her kindneſs and attention; and then

then with a fervent, though ſilent prayer for the happineſs of de Sevignie, whom ſhe never more expected to hear of, or behold, ſhe quitted the chamber.

Oliver was waiting for her in the hall; he told her he had left the chaiſe at the oppoſite ſide of the river, but that they had only to croſs the bridge, which was but a little way above the cottage, to reach it. He offered her his arm, which, weak and trembling, ſhe accepted, and in a few minutes found herſelf within the carriage.

From their quitting the cottage to their arrival in Paris, nothing happened worth relating; they were three days travelling to it, and entered it when it was almoſt dark. The dejection of Madeline was not in the leaſt abated; nor could the buſy hum of voices, the buſtle in the ſtreets, or the rattling of the carriages, for a moment divert her attention from her ſorrows.

After

After going through a conſiderable part of the town, the chaiſe ſtopped, and Oliver exclaimed, "We have at length reached the habitation of Madame Fleury." Madeline directly looked from the window, but could only diſtinguiſh a black wall. Oliver deſired the poſtillion to alight, and knock at a ſmall door he pointed to:—the poſtillion accordingly obeyed, and in a few minutes the door was opened by a female; but what kind of female it was too dark for Madeline to perceive.

"Is Madame Fleury at home?" aſked Oliver.

"Lord, that ſhe is (ſaid the woman); it is many a good day ſince my miſtreſs has been out at ſo late an hour as this."

"I'll ſtep in before you (cried Oliver to Madeline), and preſent Lafroy's letter; as ſoon as ſhe has read it, I will come back for you."

He

He accordingly left the carriage. In about fifteen minutes he returned to it—"Madame Fleury (ſaid he, as he opened the chaiſe door), is impatient to ſee you."

He handed Madeline acroſs a ſpacious court; and they entered a hall ſo long and badly lighted by one ſmall lamp, that Madeline could not perceive its termination. Here Madame Fleury waited to receive her. She took her hand, and as ſhe led her into an old faſhioned parlour, ſcarcely leſs gloomy than the hall, welcomed her to the houſe. "I ſhall be happy, my dear (ſaid ſhe), to render you every kindneſs in my power, not only on my nephew's account, but your own; for your countenance is itſelf a letter of recommendation."

Madeline attempted to expreſs her thanks, but an agony of tears and ſobs—an agony excited by the idea of the forlorn ſituation which had thus caſt her upon the kindneſs of ſtrangers, ſuppreſſed her utterance; and, ſinking

ſinking upon a chair, ſhe covered her face with her hands.

" Come, come (ſaid Madame Fleury, tapping her upon the ſhoulder), you muſt not give way to low ſpirits. Come, come (continued ſhe, going to the ſide-board and bringing her a glaſs of wine), you muſt take this, and I'll anſwer for it you'll be better."

It was many minutes, however, ere her emotions were in the leaſt abated. As ſoon as Oliver ſaw her a little compoſed, he declared he muſt be gone. Madame Fleury aſked him if he could not ſtay the night? he replied in the negative, ſaying he had ſome relations in Paris whom he wiſhed to viſit; and as he meant to leave it the enſuing morning, no time was to be loſt.

Madeline conjured him to remind Lafroy of his promiſe, which he ſolemnly aſſured her he would; and ſhe ſaw him depart, though the father of de Sevignie, without

without the leaſt regret; for neither in his looks or manner was there the leaſt reſemblance to his ſon, or any thing which could conciliate eſteem.

As her compoſure returned, ſhe was able to make obſervations upon her companion—obſervations by no means to her advantage; and ſhe felt, that if ſhe had been at liberty to chuſe a protector, Madame Fleury would have been the laſt perſon in the world the choice would have devolved upon. Like Oliver, neither her looks or manner were in the ſmalleſt degree prepoſſeſſing; the firſt were coarſe and aſſured, the latter bold and vulgar.

Almoſt immediately after the departure of Oliver, ſhe ordered ſupper; and as they ſat at table, attended by an elderly female ſervant, dirty and mean in her appearance, Madame Fleury tried to force conſolation as well as food upon Madeline.

"You

"You muſt not, my dear (cried ſhe), as I have ſaid before, give way to low ſpirits; there is nothing hurts a young perſon ſo much as melancholy—it deſtroys all vivacity; and what is a young perſon without vivacity? why a mere log. You muſt reflect, that when things are at the worſt, they always mend; and that a ſtormy night is often ſucceeded by a fine day. Come, take a glaſs of wine (continued ſhe, filling out a bumper for herſelf, and another for Madeline), it will cheer your heart. Nothing does one ſo much good when one's melancholy as a little wine: I ſpeak from experience; I have led a diſmal life, one that has hurt my ſpirits very much for ſome years paſt. My nephew, I ſuppoſe, told you about the gentleman to whom this houſe belongs."

Madeline bowed.

"Well, upon his quitting it, for the purpoſe of travelling, all the ſervants were diſcharged;

diſcharged; and ever ſince, that poor woman and I (pointing to the ſervant) have led the moſt ſolitary life imaginable, juſt like two poor lonely hermits." (Madeline could not forbear ſmiling at thoſe words; very like hermits indeed, thought ſhe, as ſhe caſt her eyes over the table, which was covered with delicacies).—"Juſt like two poor lonely hermits, faſting and praying," ſaid Madame Fleury, with a deep ſigh.

It may eaſily be ſuppoſed that Madeline ſoon grew tired of converſation of this kind; her timid heart ſhrunk from the attentions of Madame Fleury, inſtead of expanding to receive them; yet ſhe condemned the ſtrong prejudice which ſhe had conceived againſt her.—"I will try to conquer it (ſaid ſhe to herſelf), becauſe it is unjuſt—unjuſt to diſlike a perſon merely becauſe they have been caſt in one of the rough moulds of Nature, and their manners, in conſequence of the difference of education, are unlike mine."

Madame

Madame Fleury ſeemed inclined to ſit up to a late hour, which Madeline perceiving, ſhe pleaded fatigue, and begged permiſſion to retire to her chamber. Madame Fleury inſtantly riſing, took up a light, and ſaid ſhe would conduct her to it. Madeline followed her down the hall, at the bottom of which was a folding door, that on being opened, diſcovered a ſpacious ſtair-caſe.—"This appears to be a very large houſe," ſaid Madeline, as aſcending the ſtairs, ſhe beheld numerous paſſages and doors.

"Oh, quite a wilderneſs of a houſe (replied Madame Fleury); I am ſometimes a year without ſeeing half the apartments."

"I wonder you are not afraid to live in it (ſaid Madeline) without more ſervants."

"Why all the valuable things were removed from it on the deſertion of its maſter, ſo that prevents my having many fears; beſides, I take good care to ſee all the doors ſecured before I go to bed."

The

The room allotted for Madeline was ſpacious, but dirty and ill furniſhed; nor was there aught within it that gave evidence of better days, except a few faded portraits, large as the life, which ſtill hung againſt the brown and duſty wainſcot.

"Is your chamber near this?" aſked Madeline, as ſhe caſt her eye around.

"Oh, yes, I ſhall be your neighbour; ſo don't be uneaſy," replied Madame Fleury. Madeline aſſured her ſhe would not; and then, anxious to be alone, begged ſhe might no longer detain her.—"Good night then, my dear (ſaid Madame Fleury); I ſhall call you when it is time to breakfaſt."

Madeline looked behind the window-curtain ere ſhe locked the door; ſhe then recommended herſelf to the protection of Heaven; and, worn out both by bodily and mental fatigue, repaired to bed, where ſhe ſlept till her uſual hour of riſing.

When dreſſed, ſhe drew up the window curtain; but how different the proſpect ſhe beheld from the proſpects ſhe had been accuſtomed to; inſtead of ſublime mountains towering to the clouds, or rich meadows, ſcattered over with flocks and herds, ſhe now beheld high and dirty walls, which completely encloſed a ſmall ſpot of ground planted with a few ſtunted trees. She ſighed, and a tear ſtole from her to think ſhe might never more enjoy the ſweets of Nature, or mark

——————how ſpring the tended plants,
How blows the citron grove, what drops the myrrh,
And what the balmy reed—how Nature paints
Her colours—how the bee ſits on the bloom
Extracting liquid ſweets.

Her melancholy reflections were ſoon interrupted by the voice of Madame Fleury; ſhe immediately opened the door, and, after the uſual ſalutations of the morning were over, accompanied her to breakfaſt, which was laid out in the room where they had ſupped

ſupped the preceding night, and which, like the chamber of Madeline, looked into what Madame Fleury called the garden.

After breakfaſt ſhe roſe, and told Madeline ſhe muſt leave her—"I go every morning to church (cried ſhe); while I am abſent, you can amuſe yourſelf with reading; you'll find ſome books in that cloſet," pointing to one at the end of the room.

Madeline thought it odd her not being aſked to accompany her to church; and ſhe was juſt on the point of requeſting permiſſion to do ſo, when ſhe recollected, that perhaps Madame Fleury might have ſome places after the ſervice was over to call at, which ſhe did not wiſh to bring her to; ſhe therefore timely checked herſelf, and ſaid ſhe would either walk in the garden, or read.

As ſoon as ſhe was alone, ſhe examined the books, but ſhe found none that pleaſed her; and even if ſhe had, her mind was too much

much diſturbed to permit her to derive amuſement from them; ſhe therefore went into the garden, where, deeply ruminating o'er paſt events, ſhe heeded not the lapſe of time, and was aſtoniſhed when the maid came out to inform her that her miſtreſs had been returned ſome time, and dinner waited. Madeline haſtily followed her into the houſe, but on reaching the parlour, ſhe involuntarily ſtarted back on perceiving a young man with Madame Fleury.

"Bleſs my ſoul (ſaid Madame Fleury, laughing immoderately), bleſs my ſoul (cried ſhe, taking the hand of Madeline), you look terrified. Well, you are the firſt girl I ever ſaw frightened at the ſight of a young man; let me introduce my nephew to you, and you'll find you have no reaſon to be afraid of him;—Dupont, this is Mademoiſelle Jernac, the aſſumed name Lafroy had choſen for Madeline."

Dupont ſaluted Madeline with much politeneſs, and expreſſed his regret at having cauſed her any diſagreeable ſurpriſe: ſhe bowed, and endeavoured to recollect herſelf, in order to avoid the coarſe raillery which her confuſion excited in Madame Fleury, and permitted him to lead her to the table.

When they were ſeated at it, Madame Fleury began to ſound the praiſes of her nephew;—"I can aſſure you, Mademoiſelle (cried ſhe) when you know him better, you will like him much; he is a good ſoul, I cannot help ſaying ſo, though to his face: he is ſecretary to a nobleman of high rank and conſequence; and, though from his ſituation he might be conceited and diſſipated, he is neither the one nor the other, nor diſdains to come now and then, and take a ſnug dinner with his old aunt." While ſhe was ſpeaking, Madeline could not help attentively regarding Dupont, whoſe face appeared familiar to her; but where or when ſhe had ſeen the

the perſon whom he reſembled, ſhe could not poſſibly recollect.

Dupont was young, handſome, and rather elegant; yet almoſt the moment Madeline beheld him, ſhe conceived a prejudice againſt him;—his gentleneſs ſeemed aſſumed, and there was a fierceneſs, a boldneſs in his eyes, which at once alarmed and confuſed her.

When dinner was over, Madame Fleury propoſed cards. Madeline immediately roſe, and, declaring ſhe never played, deſired leave to retire to her chamber.

"No, (cried Dupont, alſo riſing and taking her hand, whilſt he gazed upon her with the moſt impaſſioned tenderneſs), we cannot let you go; we'll give up cards; we'll not think, not act, but as you like."

"I ſhould be ſorry, Sir (cried Madeline coldly, and withdrawing her hand), that the inclination of any perſon was ſacrificed to mine; at preſent I am much better calcu-

lated for ſolitude than ſociety, and muſt therefore again entreat Madame Fleury's permiſſion to retire to my room."

"Then you will entreat in vain I aſſure you (cried ſhe); I have no notion of letting you go to mope about by yourſelf."

"If you thus reſtrain me, Madam (ſaid Madeline, who every moment grew more anxious to quit Dupont), you will prevent me from having the pleaſure of thinking myſelf at home."

"True (cried Dupont), where there is reſtraint, there can be no pleaſure; permit Mademoiſelle Jernac, therefore, Madame (addreſſing his aunt) to leave us, ſince ſhe is ſo cruel as to deſire to do ſo; perhaps our ready compliance with her wiſhes will at ſome other time incline her to be more propitious to our's."

"Well, you may go, child (ſaid Madame Fleury); but indeed 'tis only to oblige my nephew that I let you."

Dupont

Dupont led Madeline to the door, where, in ſpite of all her efforts to prevent him, he imprinted a kiſs upon her hand.

Her heart throbbing tumultuouſly, ſhe haſtily aſcended the ſtairs; ſhe ſaw, or fancied ſhe ſaw, looks exchanged between the aunt and nephew which terrified her: ſtories of deſigning men and deceitful women ruſhed to her recollection; and ſhe trembled at the idea of her forlorn ſituation—at the idea of being ſolely in the power of ſtrangers, without a being near her to protect her, if protection ſhould be neceſſary. She wiſhed to know whether ſhe was in an inhabited part of the town, which the darkneſs of the hour ſhe had arrived at Madame Fleury's prevented her aſcertaining, that in caſe there was a neceſſity for quitting her preſent reſidence, ſhe might have a chance of eaſily procuring another; and accordingly determined to avail herſelf of the preſent opportunity, and explore her way, if poſſible to the front of the houſe. The gallery in which her cham-

ber ſtood, was terminated by a door, which ſhe ſoftly opened, and diſcovered a winding paſſage: without heſitation ſhe entered it, and proceeded till ſtopped by another door; this ſhe opened with difficulty, for the key was ruſty, and for a long time reſiſted all her efforts to turn it: when at length ſhe had ſucceeded, ſhe found herſelf in a chamber as ſpacious as her own, but ſtripped of all the furniture except a bare bedſtead. She ſtepped lightly to a window, and to her great mortification, found herſelf ſtill at the back of the houſe; ſhe directly turned away, and was haſtening from the room, when, careleſſly glancing her eye over it, a ſtain of blood upon the floor filled her with horror, and rivetted her to the ſpot. "Oh! God, (ſhe cried, while her arms dropped nerveleſs by the ſide), what dreadful evidence of guilt do I behold!" A heavy hand fell upon her ſhoulder; ſhe ſhrieked—and, ſtarting, beheld Madame Fleury—"What, in the name of wonder, brought you hither?" demanded ſhe in rather an angry voice.

"I did

"I did not conceive there was the leaſt impropriety in examining the apartments," ſaid Madeline."

"Impropriety, why no; but then you might have told me you were curious. Come, let us quit this chamber; I hate it."

"Have you reaſon to hate it?" aſked Madeline, her eyes ſtill faſtened upon the blood-ſtained floor. She felt the hand of Madame Fleury tremble.—"Why to tell you the truth, (ſaid ſhe, going to the bedſtead and ſitting down) my nephew, Dupont, (ſpeaking in an agitated voice), once met with an ugly accident in it; he fell and hurt himſelf ſo much, we thought he never would have recovered; the ſtains of his blood are ſtill upon the floor; nothing would take them out."

"Blood ſinks deep!" ſaid Madeline in a hollow voice, and raiſing her eyes, ſhe fixed them upon Madame Fleury.

"Pray let us leave this chamber," cried her companion, riſing in viſible confuſion. She ſeized the arm of Madeline, and drawing

her from it, locked the door, and put the key into her pocket. "I came up (ſaid ſhe, as they proceeded to the chamber of Madeline), to aſk you whether you would not chuſe a book, and if I ſhould not ſend you ſome coffee."

"No (replied Madeline), neither a book nor coffee; all I deſire is to be left without interruption to myſelf to-night."

"I am afraid you are a fanciful girl," ſaid Madame Fleury.

"Would to Heaven I was only affected by fancies!" exclaimed Madeline with fervour.

"Well, ſince you wiſh to be alone, I will leave you (cried Madame Fleury), nor ſhall you again be interrupted."

"In doubting Madame Fleury (ſaid Madeline, when left to herſelf), do I not doubt Lafroy, of whoſe fidelity I have received ſuch proofs, that to harbour a ſuſpicion of him, makes me feel guilty of ingratitude. Oh! ſurely (ſhe continued, and her mind grew compoſed by the idea), he never would have

have confided me to the care of his relation, had he not been convinced ſhe was worthy of the truſt; and, in giving way to my preſent fears, I torment myſelf without a cauſe. Every thing may be as Madame Fleury has ſtated; her nephew may have been hurt in the chamber; and his attentions to me may be dictated by what he imagines politeneſs. I will then exert myſelf (ſhe cried); I will combat my fears, nor to the preſſure of real evils add thoſe of imaginary ones."

To reaſon herſelf out of her fears was not, however, as eaſy as ſhe imagined; they ſtill clung to her heart, and ſhe wiſhed, fervently wiſhed, that ſhe had never entered the reſidence of Madame Fleury. She determined the next morning to aſk to accompany her to church—"I ſhall then (ſaid ſhe) know what kind of neighbourhood I am in, and whether there is any convent near the houſe, to which I could fly in caſe any thing diſagreeable again occurred in it."

As ſoon as it grew dark, the maid brought her a light, which ſhe kept burning all the night. She was ſcarcely dreſſed in the morning, when Madame Fleury tapped at the door to inform her breakfaſt was ready. Madeline immediately opened the door, and attended her to the parlour, where, to her great vexation, ſhe found Dupont.

"So, ſo (ſaid his aunt, as if a little ſurpriſed by ſeeing him), you are here! what, I ſuppoſe you could not reſt till you had paid your devoirs to Mademoiſelle?"

"I ſhould be ſorry (ſaid Madeline, with ſome degree of haughtineſs), to place to my own account a viſit which I neither expected nor deſired."

"And yet you would be right in doing ſo," cried Dupont.

Madeline made no reply, but addreſſed herſelf on ſome indifferent ſubject to Madame Fleury.

After

After breakfaſt, which was rendered extremely diſagreeable to Madeline by the looks and attentions of Dupont, Madame Fleury roſe, and ſaid it was time to go to church. "I hope, Madam (cried Madeline, alſo riſing), you will permit me to accompany you this morning."

"No, indeed I ſhall not (exclaimed ſhe); you can be much better employed at home, for my nephew will ſtay with you."

There was ſomething in thoſe words which ſhocked Madeline ſo much, that for a moment ſhe had not the power of utterance.—"I can aſſure you, Madam, then (ſaid ſhe) that if you do not let me go, I will confine myſelf to my chamber until your return."

"That is, if my nephew is ſuch a fool as to permit you."

Madeline could no longer reſtrain herſelf. "If this is the manner in which you mean to treat me, Madam (ſhe exclaimed), you cannot be ſurpriſed if my continuance with you is of ſhort duration. 'Tis not (ſhe con-

tinued, with increaſing warmth) the mere ſhelter of a roof that I require—'tis kindneſs, 'tis protection, 'tis the attentions which ſooth the ſorrows of the heart, and lighten the pangs of dependance;—except aſſured of my receiving theſe, your nephew, Lafroy, I am confident would never have entruſted me to your care; and candidly and explicitly I now tell you, I ſhall withdraw myſelf from it, if longer ſubjected to freedoms I abhor."

Madame Fleury only replied to this ſpeech by a contemptuous ſmile; then turning on her heel, ſhe darted out of the room, and ſhut the door after her. Madeline attempted to follow her, but was prevented by Dupont, who, ſeizing her hand, dragged her back to a ſeat. She grew terrified, but tried to conceal her terrors. "I inſiſt on your releaſing me immediately, Sir," ſaid ſhe.

"I cannot (cried he), I cannot be ſo much my own enemy."

Though

"Though Madame Fleury has forgot what is due to her ſex, I hope (reſumed Madeline) you will not forget what is due to your's; to inſult an unhappy woman, is ſurely a degradation to the character of a man."

"I do not mean to inſult you (replied Dupont); my honourable addreſſes cannot ſurely inſult you?"

"Your honourable addreſſes!" repeated Madeline, ſurveying him with mingled ſurpriſe and contempt.

"Yes—I love, I adore you; and now entreat you to accept my hand and heart."

"I ſhall not ſay I reject them (replied Madeline), becauſe I do not think you ſerious in offering them; I cannot believe that any man in his ſenſes can offer himſelf to a woman he ſcarcely knows."

"I am ſerious, by all that is ſacred!" cried he with vehemence."

"Then believe me equally ſerious (ſaid Madeline) when I aſſure you, that could you with your hand and heart offer me the wealth of the univerſe,

univerſe, I would reject them. You are, no doubt, acquainted with my unhappy ſtory—Oh! do not, therefore (ſhe continued), do not render unpleaſant the aſylum your aunt has afforded me, by perſevering in attentions which never can have the deſired effect."

"Perſeverance does much (ſaid Dupont); I will try it."

"To my torment then, and your own diſappointment you will try it," cried Madeline.

"How can you be ſo inflexible?" ſaid he, looking on her with the moſt paſſionate tenderneſs.

Madeline grew more alarmed than ever by his manner. "If you have generoſity, if you have compaſſion (exclaimed ſhe), you will now let me retire."

"Well (ſaid he), to ſhew my readineſs to oblige you, however I may mortify myſelf by doing ſo, I will now let you leave me; but ere you go, ſuffer me to ſay I never will drop my ſuit."

Anxious

Anxious to leave him, Madeline made no reply. Her firſt impulſe on quitting the parlour, was to fly directly from a houſe in which ſhe was expoſed to inſult and perſecution; but a moment's reflection convinced her of the impracticability of ſuch a meaſure at preſent, when in all probability Dupont was upon the watch: ſhe therefore determined not to attempt eſcaping till a more favourable opportunity for that purpoſe offered. Still anxious, before that opportunity occurred, to diſcover in what kind of neighbourhood ſhe was, inſtead of repairing to her chamber, ſhe haſtily turned into a long paſſage off of the great ſtair-caſe, in which ſeveral doors appeared.

CHAP. VIII.

Oh! take me in a fellow-mourner with thee;
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear!
And when the fountains of thy eyes are dry,
Mine ſhall ſupply the ſtream, and weep for both.

MADELINE tried many doors, but found them faſtened. She reſolved, however, not to return without attempting all, and was juſt laying her hand upon another lock, when a dreadful groan from the bottom of the paſſage pierced her ear, and penetrated to her heart. She hefitated whether ſhe ſhould advance or retreat; but at length humanity triumphed over fear, and ſhe determined

termined to go on, and try if ſhe could be of any ſervice to the perſon from whom the groan proceeded. At the bottom of the paſſage ſhe perceived, what the darkneſs it was involved in had before concealed from her, a narrow ſtair-caſe in the ſide of the wall: this ſhe eagerly aſcended, and came to a ſmall door half open; here ſhe pauſed, and looking in, beheld, with equal horror and aſtoniſhment, an old woman wretchedly clad, and worn to a ſkeleton, kneeling in the corner of an ill-furniſhed room, before a wooden crucifix.

"Oh! heavenly father (the miſerable object exclaimed, almoſt the moment Madeline had reached the door), may I, dare I, hope for thy forgiveneſs!—Oh! no, 'tis impoſſible thou canſt ever grant it;—thou never canſt forgive the wretch who cauſed the anguiſh of the moſt amiable of women—the miſery and death of the moſt noble of men! Yet, if ſuffering could entitle me to mercy, I might hope for it.—Oh! if my blood can atone for that I cauſed to be ſhed, thou, thou ſhalt have it!"

So

So ſaying, ſhe ſeized a knotted cord that lay beſide her, and ſtruck herſelf with it: Madeline inſtantly ſprung forward—"Have mercy upon yourſelf (ſhe exclaimed, as ſhe caught her emaciated hand); God only requires real contrition as an atonement for error." The miſerable wretch looked wildly at her for a moment; then uttering a piercing ſhriek, ſhe convulſively wreſted her hand from her, and fell fainting on the floor.

The ſituation of Madeline was diſtreſſing in the extreme; ſhe feared calling for aſſiſtance, leſt the knowledge of her having diſcovered the miſerable object before her ſhould be productive of unpleaſant conſequences; and yet ſhe feared her own efforts would never recover her. She knelt down and chafed her temples; but it was many minutes ere ſhe ſhewed any ſigns of returning life. At length opening her eyes, ſhe again faſtened them upon Madeline with the wildeſt expreſſion of fear, and in a feeble voice exclaimed,

claimed, "You are come then, come from the realms of bliſs, for the purpoſe of ſummoning my ſoul to that tribunal where it muſt anſwer for all its crimes?"

"I know not what you mean (ſaid Madeline, endeavouring to raiſe her head, and ſupport it upon her breaſt); the voice of diſtreſs drew me to this apartment, not from idle curioſity, but from a hope of being ſerviceable to the perſon from whom it proceeded; and my motive will I truſt excuſe any intruſion I may appear guilty of."

"From whence, or from whom do you come?" demanded the unhappy woman.

"Alas! (replied Madeline), I have neither ſtrength nor ſpirits now to enable me to relate my ſad ſtory; all I can tell you is, that I am an unfortunate girl, without any friend, I fear, to afford me the protection I require."

"Perhaps I may be able to ſerve you (ſaid the ſtranger); that voice—that look—Ah! how powerfully do they plead in your behalf!

behalf! What part of the houſe do you inhabit?"

"I am ſo little acquainted with the houſe (cried Madeline), that perhaps I may confound one place with another; my chamber is at the end of a great gallery."

"What kind of a chamber is it?"

"'Tis wainſcoted, and ornamented with faded portraits."

"Amongſt which is there not a remarkable one of a lady in mourning with a drawn dagger?"

"Yes."

"Well, ſince I know your chamber, I will, if there is a poſſibility of getting to it, pay you a viſit, and tell you of a plan I have thought of for your eſcape.

Madeline, in an ecſtaſy of gratitude and hope, caught her hand, and was raiſing it to her lips, when a ſudden, though diſtant, noiſe made her drop it.

"Oh!

"Oh! heavens (cried the ſtranger), if we are diſcovered, we are loſt!—Fly—regain your chamber, if poſſible, without delay; and as you value your ſafety, as you value your life and mine, keep ſecret our interview."

Madeline ſtarted from the ground—"Oh! tell me ere I go (ſhe cried), when I may expect you."

"Away, away (ſaid the ſtranger), a moment's delay may be fatal!"

Madeline could no longer heſitate about departing, and ſwiftly and lightly ſhe deſcended the ſtairs; at the bottom ſhe pauſed to liſten and look down the paſſage, but ſhe neither heard any noiſe, nor beheld any object: ſhe was therefore proceeding with quickneſs, when ſuddenly ſhe heard an approaching ſtep.

From the words of the ſtranger, ſhe believed deſtruction inevitable if diſcovered in her preſent ſituation; ſhe therefore determined

mined to try and gain admittance into one of the adjacent chambers, and ſecrete herſelf within it till all danger of detection was over. She accordingly tried the neareſt door, and, to her inexpreſſible tranſport, the lock yielded to her firſt effort. The inſtant ſhe entered the room, ſhe bolted the door, againſt which ſhe then leaned to try if ſhe could hear the approach of the ſtep that had ſo much alarmed her; but all again was profoundly ſtill. Somewhat compoſed by this, ſhe ventured to turn, and to her infinite amazement, beheld herſelf in a moſt magnificent chamber. "What new myſtery (ſaid ſhe), is this? Madame Fleury aſſured me her chamber was near mine; and yet who but Madame Fleury can occupy this room?"

This was a myſtery ſoon explained; for as ſhe was ſtealing from the door to the window, ſhe beheld the clothes which Dupont had on the preceding day lying upon a chair. —"Ah! heavens (exclaimed Madeline, recoiling with horror, as if it was Dupont himſelf

ſelf ſhe ſaw); Dupont then is the inhabitant of this chamber! Oh! for what vile purpoſe is his reſidence here concealed? Oh! Lafroy, you were either deceived yourſelf, or baſely deceived me when you ſent me to this houſe; new horrors every moment open to my view, and my ſenſes are ſcarcely equal to the conflicts I endure!"

She was returning to the door for the purpoſe of endeavouring to quit the room, when ſome letters ſcattered upon a dreſſing-table caught her attention: ſhe darted to them; but how impoſſible to deſcribe the horror ſhe experienced, when upon all the hated name of D'Alembert met her eye. She ſnatched up one, and while the blood ran cold to her heart, read as follows:—

"The lovely Madeline will ſoon be in your power; Lafroy has completely ſecured her for you: may you profit by his ſtratagems! Adieu!—Believe me ever your affectionate father, "G. D'ALEMBERT."

Not

Not when ſhe trembled beneath the poignard of a ſuppoſed aſſaſſin—when ſhe ſhuddered at the idea of having ſeen a being of the other world—when ſhe groaned from a conviction of her father's being a murderer—did Madeline receive ſuch a ſhock, did ſhe experience ſuch horrors as ſhe now felt on diſcovering Lafroy to be a villain! She dropped upon her knees, and raiſed her eyes and trembling hands to heaven, though unable to articulate a prayer.

She had not been in this ſituation above two minutes, when a loud knock came to the door. Madeline ſtarted wildly from the floor, and looked round to ſee if there was any place which could afford her concealment; but no ſuch place preſented itſelf to her view. The knock was repeated with increaſed violence; and ſcarcely could ſhe prevent the wild ſhriek of deſpair from burſting from her lips. Her ſilence, however, availed her but little; for the knock was repeated, and the moment after, the door

burſt open by Dupont; the room rung with the ſhriek which ſhe uttered at that inſtant.

"Well (exclaimed he), by coming to my chamber, you have ſaved me the trouble of going to your's."

As he ſpoke, he attempted to catch her in his arms, but ſhe eluded his graſp, and ſpringing paſt him, fled towards her chamber; he purſued her, and, overtaking her juſt as ſhe had reached the door, ruſhed into the room along with her.

She now threw herſelf upon her knees—"I am in your power (ſaid ſhe, in almoſt breathleſs agitation); be generous, and uſe it nobly."

"And do you deſerve any thing like generoſity from me? (cried he); do you not merit the ſevereſt puniſhment for having clandeſtinely entered my chamber, and treacherouſly examined my letters."

The fear of Madeline gave way to indignation; her eyes flashed fire; she rose, and looked upon him with scorn.

"And what punishment does the villain merit who forced me to such actions? (she exclaimed). What punishment does he merit who assumes a name but for the purpose of deceiving, who spreads his snares for the friendless and unhappy?"

"You compelled me to assume another name (said he), because you objected to me for bearing that of D'Alembert."

Madeline turned from him with contempt; he followed her.

"Madeline (cried he), let all trifling cease between us: you are, as you have yourself observed, completely in my power; be politic therefore, and no longer reject my overtures."

"Monster! (exclaimed Madeline), do you insult me by still pleading for my hand, knowing

knowing, as you muſt, that I am acquainted with the exiſtence of your wife?"

"I do not plead for your hand (replied he with the moſt deliberate coolneſs), 'tis for your heart: conſent to be mine; conſent to accept the only propoſals I can now make you; and, in return, I will not only ſecure you an independence and a delightful aſylum, where you can fear nothing, but ſolemnly promiſe, if ever I have power to do ſo, to make you my wife."

"I will not attempt (ſaid Madeline) to expreſs my indignation and contempt—I ſhall content myſelf with merely ſaying, that, were you even dear to my heart, I would reject offers which could entail infamy upon me: think, therefore, whether there is a probability of my accepting them, when I tell you, that, united to my horror at your baſeneſs, is an averſion to you too ſtrong for any language to deſcribe."

The moſt violent rage took poſſeſſion of D'Alembert at thoſe words; but the terror which his rage inſpired, was trifling to the ſhock which Madeline received, when in his inflamed countenance ſhe traced the dreadful countenance of him beneath whoſe poniard ſhe had trembled at midnight in the ruined monaſtery of Valdore.

"Oh! God (ſhe cried, ſtarting back), do I behold the murderer of the Counteſs?"

The crimſon of D'Alembert's cheek faded at thoſe words; his eyes loſt their fury, and he trembled, but in a minute almoſt he recovered from his confuſion. "Inſolent girl! (cried he, ſtepping fiercely to Madeline), of what new crime will you next accuſe me? Beware how you provoke me; do not go too far, leſt you tempt me to retaliate—retaliate in a manner moſt dreadful to you—on your father."

"He is beyond your power (exclaimed Madeline, with a wild ſcream, and claſping her

her hands together); he is ſafe, he is ſecure."

"As I could wiſh," cried D'Alembert, with a malicious ſmile.

An idea of treachery having been practiſed upon her father as well as upon herſelf now ſtarted in the mind of Madeline, and her heart almoſt died away. "My father is ſafe!" ſhe repeated, with a quivering lip, and a faltering voice.

"Yes—beneath this roof."

"Oh, God!" cried Madeline as ſhe ſunk upon the floor.

D'Alembert raiſed her, and uſed every method in his power to revive her: it was many minutes, however, ere ſhe was able to ſtand or ſpeak At length, ſinking from his arms—"Forgive me (ſhe exclaimed, as ſhe knelt at his feet), Oh! forgive me if I have ſaid aught to offend you; make allowances for my wounded feelings, for my diſtreſs, my irritation at finding myſelf

ſelf deceived where I moſt confided, and drop all reſentment; be noble, and give up every intention hoſtile to my father's peace and mine; reſtore me to his arms, and ſuffer us to depart together to ſome diſtant ſpot, where, in ſecurity and ſolitude, we may paſs our days;—do this, and receive from me the moſt ſolemn aſſurances of our never diſturbing your tranquillity, or uttering an expreſſion which can be unpleaſing to you."

D'Alembert raiſed and preſſed her to his heart; ſhe trembled—ſhe reſented. "But I am in the graſp of the lion (ſaid ſhe to herſelf), and I muſt try by gentleneſs to diſengage myſelf from it."

"You plead in vain, Madeline (cried he); I have run every riſk to ſecure you, and never will give you up. But while I ſay this, let me quiet your apprehenſions by aſſuring you, that though ſolely in my power, I never will make an ungenerous uſe of that power by uſing any violence; I will not force

you

you to return my love; but if you continue much longer to diſdain it, I ſhall not heſitate to ſurrender your father to the fate he merits."

"He is not, he is not in your power (exclaimed Madeline); you have ſaid ſo but for the purpoſe of awaking my fears, from a hope of being able to take a baſe advantage of them."

"Well, though you doubt my words, I ſuppoſe you will not doubt the evidence of your own eyes."

Madeline trembled; the faint hope which had juſt darted into her mind, of his aſſertion relative to her father being merely for the purpoſe of terrifying her, now utterly died away.

"I will this inſtant, if you pleaſe, (ſaid D'Alembert), conduct you to the chamber of your father; but ere I take you to it, I muſt prepare you for the ſituation in which you will find him."

"The ſituation!" repeated Madeline, ſtarting.

"Yes; I had an idea I ſhould be compelled to bring you to him, in order to convince you he was in my power; and therefore ordered an opiate to be given to him this morning, which has thrown him into a ſtate of inſenſibility, and thus precluded all poſſibility of his either hearing or uttering complaints."

"The ear of the Almighty will be open to his complaints and mine (ſaid Madeline); they will reach the throne of Heaven, before which you muſt one day anſwer for your crimes."

"Do you chuſe to ſee him?" aſked D'Alembert.

Madeline made no reply; but, breaking from his arms, ſhe moved towards the door; he followed her, and, taking her trembling hand, led her in ſilence to the end of the gallery, from whence they turned into a long paſſage, terminated by another door. D'Alembert

lembert took a key from his pocket, and unlocked it—" We are now (ſaid he) in the chamber of your father."

The curtains of the bed were cloſed; Madeline ſnatched her hand from D'Alembert, and pulling them back, beheld her father extended on it—thin, ghaſtly, to all appearance dead. She ſhrieked aloud—" He is dead! (cried ſhe), he is dead!—Oh! monſter, you have murdered my father!"

" No, (ſaid D'Alembert); you frighten yourſelf without a cauſe; the ghaſtly look of his countenance is occaſioned by the opiate."

Madeline laid her hand upon his heart; ſhe felt it faintly flutter; and a ſcream of joy burſt from her lips. " Yet have I reaſon to rejoice at his exiſtence (ſhe cried), when I reflect upon his ſituation?"

'Tis in your power (ſaid D'Alembert), to change that ſituation—to reſtore him to liberty, to free him from danger, to enſure him protection."

"In my power!" repeated Madeline.

"Yes; accept my offers, and all that the moſt duteous, the moſt tender ſon could do for a father, I will do for your's."

"And think you (ſaid Madeline), my father would thank me for freedom and ſecurity, if purchaſed by diſhonour? no, believe me he would not; I know his ſoul too well—know that death, in its moſt frightful form, would not be half ſo dreadful to him as the knowledge of his daughter's infamy:—never then will that daughter deviate from the path he early in life marked out for her to take:—never then, though ſurrounded by dangers and difficulties,—the dangers, the difficulties of him who is dearer, infinitely dearer to her than exiſtence, will ſhe act contrary to the principles he implanted in her mind, or forego her hopes of Heaven's protection, by ſtriving to attain ſafety at the expence of virtue."

"Your reſolution is then fixed," ſaid D'Alembert.

"It is," replied Madeline in a firm voice.

"Mine is alſo fixed," cried D'Alembert. As he ſpoke, he approached her—"You continue no longer in this chamber," ſaid he.

Madeline retreated. "You cannot, you will not ſurely (ſhe cried), be ſo inhuman as to force me from it? Oh! let me watch by my father!—Oh! ſuffer me to remain with him I entreat, I conjure you!"

"In vain," ſaid D'Alembert; and he again advanced to ſeize her. Madeline ſcreamed; and, throwing herſelf upon the bed, ſhe claſped her arms around her father—"Awake, awake (ſhe cried), my father, awake, and hear, Oh! hear the agonizing ſhrieks of your child!"

"It will be many hours ere he awakes (exclaimed D'Alembert, as unlocking the hands of Madeline, he raiſed her from the bed); and when he does, it will be in an apartment very different from his preſent one, except you relent."

She forcibly diſengaged herſelf from him, and ſunk at his feet—"Have mercy (ſhe exclaimed, with ſtreaming eyes and uplifted

hands), have mercy upon my father and me, and entitle yourſelf to that of Heaven! Oh! let thoſe tears, thoſe agonies, plead for us! let them expreſs the feelings which language cannot utter!"

"I have already told you (ſaid D'Alembert, with ſavage fury in his countenance), that my reſolution is fixed; I now ſwear it—ſwear to give up your father to the offended laws of his country, except you conſent to return my love."

He caught her in his arms, from which ſhe vainly tried to diſengage herſelf, and bore her ſhrieking and ſtruggling to her chamber.

"Now, Madeline (cried he), ſpeak—but ere you ſpeak, deliberate; for on your words depends the fate of your father."

"Wretch! (exclaimed the agonized Madeline), you already know my determination."

"Farewel!

"Farewel! then (ſaid he), I go for the officers of juſtice."

"Oh! D'Alembert (cried Madeline, wildly catching his arm as he was about quitting the room), you cannot be ſo inhuman; you cannot ſurely think of giving up to death a man, who has been baſely betrayed into your power—a man, infinitely more unfortunate than guilty!—Again I kneel before you to ſupplicate your pity for him. Oh! could you look into my heart, could you aſcertain the dreadful feelings which now pervade it, I am convinced you would be ſoftened to compaſſion."

"My compaſſion can eaſily be obtained (ſaid D'Alembert)—your love."

"Villain! (exclaimed Madeline, riſing from the floor), begone! never more will I addreſs you: to God alone will I look, up to him, whoſe power can in a moment defeat your purpoſes; he has promiſed to protect the innocent; I will think of that promiſe, and ſupport my fainting heart."

"Again

"Again then (ſaid D'Alembert), I bid you farewel! you have yourſelf provoked your father's fate."

With feelings which can better be conceived than deſcribed, Madeline ſaw him quit the chamber. "He is gone then (ſaid ſhe, as ſhe heard him cloſe the door), he is gone for the miniſters of juſtice!" The dreadful and approaching ſufferings of her father ruſhed to her mind; ſhe ſaw the torturing rack—ſhe beheld his mangled form upon it—ſhe heard his deep groans, expreſſive of excruciating agony, and the loud ſhouts of the rabble mocking his pangs, and applauding the hand which inflicted puniſhment upon the fratricide.

She ſhrieked aloud; ſhe flew to the door, but it was faſtened on the outſide: ſhe called upon D'Alembert; ſhe conjured him to return—to return to aſſure her he would have mercy upon her father; but ſhe called in vain. She then attempted to force the door,

door, but her ſtrength was unequal to the effort. The agony and diſappointment ſhe experienced were too much for her; her brain maddened; and wild as the waves which deſtroy the hopes of the mariners, ſhe raved about the room, till, utterly exhauſted by the violence of her emotions, ſhe dropped upon the floor, where her ſhrieks ſunk into groans, which by degrees died away in hollow murmurs, and a total inſenſibility came over her.

In this ſituation ſhe muſt have continued many hours; for when ſhe recovered, ſhe found the gloom of cloſing day had already pervaded the chamber. Her ideas at firſt felt confuſed; but by degrees a perfect recollection of all that had paſſed returned, and claſping her cold and trembling hands together, ſhe called upon her father.

As ſhe called upon him, ſhe heard a faint noiſe outſide the door; ſhe ſtarted, but had not power to riſe; and almoſt immediately

it

it was opened, and the miſerable woman ſhe had ſeen in the morning entered.

"Riſe (exclaimed ſhe in a whiſpering voice), and follow me."

"Whither?" ſaid Madeline, without obeying her.

"To your father; he waits to conduct you from this deteſtable houſe. I releaſed him from his chamber, in the door of which D'Alembert left the key when he dragged you from it. But aſk me no farther queſtions; D'Alembert but deferred going for the officers of juſtice till it grew dark; a moment's delay may therefore be fatal, and cut off all opportunity of eſcaping."

"Oh! let us fly, let us fly then," ſaid Madeline, ſtarting from the ground.

Softly and ſilently they deſcended to the hall, and turned down a long paſſage, terminated by a flight of ſteep ſtone ſtairs; theſe they alſo deſcended, and Madeline then found herſelf in a ſubterraneous room; a faint light glimmered from a receſs at the extremity

extremity of it, which ſtartled her, and ſhe caught the arm of her companion.

" Her terror, however, was but of ſhort duration; almoſt inſtantly the voice of her father reached her ear, and ſhe ſaw him approaching with extended arms; ſhe ſprung forward, and flung herſelf into them. " Oh! my child (he exclaimed, as he claſped her to his heart), in what a ſituation do I behold you!"

" My father, my deareſt father (cried Madeline), do not let us complain of our ſituation; Oh! rather let us expreſs our gratitude to that Being who has alleviated it, by giving us a friend who will extricate us from this abode of terror and of death;—but the moments are precious; we ſhould loſe no time."

" They are precious indeed (ſaid the old woman); that door (pointing to one in the receſs) opens upon a flight of ſteps which aſcend to the court; here is the key of it," continued ſhe, preſenting it to St. Julian.

" But

"But how ſhall we eſcape from the court?" demanded Madeline.

"Your father will be able with eaſe to unbar the door; and as Madame Fleury always ſits at the back of the houſe, there is no danger of your being diſcovered."

"Oh! let us be quick," exclaimed Madeline.

St. Julian advanced to the door; but ſcarcely had he attempted to open it, when a violent tumult was heard without the court, and immediately after the ſteps of many people entering it. He pauſed—liſtened—and looked at his daughter. Horror almoſt froze her blood—"They are come (cried ſhe), the miniſters of death are come."

"I fear ſo (ſaid the old woman). Hark! they have entered the houſe, and are now ranging through the apartments!"

"Is there no hope—is there no way of eſcaping?" aſked Madeline diſtractedly.

"None (replied the old woman mournfully) but through the court."

"Is

"Is there no place of concealment?"

"No."

"Nor any faſtening to this door?" advancing to the one through which they had entered?"

"None, except a weak bolt that could be burſt in a moment."

"Then all hope is over (cried Madeline, turning to her father). Oh! God (ſhe continued, looking up to heaven), take me, take me from this ſcene of horror! let me die within the arms of my father!"—Almoſt fainting, ſhe ſunk upon his breaſt.

The tumult within and without became every inſtant more violent; and it was evident that one party ſurrounded the houſe for the purpoſe of guarding every paſſage, whilſt another ſearched throughout it.

Madeline ſuddenly ſtarted from the arms of her father, and extinguiſhed the light. "Let us go within the receſs (cried ſhe); if they do

do come down, they may not perhaps do more than merely look into the room." They accordingly crept into it, and placed themſelves as cloſe as they poſſibly could againſt the wall.

They had not been in this ſituation above two minutes, when they heard deſcending ſteps. " They are coming," cried Madeline, with a panting heart, whilſt a cold dew burſt from every pore.

She had ſcarcely ſpoken, when a light glimmered through the room, and a party of men ruſhed into it. " He is not here," vociferated one.—" Let us ſearch elſewhere then," exclaimed another.——(Heaven hears our prayers, thought Madeline).—" We will firſt examine this room (ſaid a third); theſe ſubterraneous chambers are generally ſurrounded with places for concealment."

The

The heart of Madeline died away at thoſe words; and with a faint cry ſhe ſunk to the earth.

"Have pity upon my child (exclaimed the wretched St. Julian, bending over her, whilſt the ſhouts of the men pierced his ears), and re-echoed through the chamber); have pity upon her, and aid me in recovering her ere you tear me from her!"

"Tear you from her! (repeated a voice which made him ſtart from his daughter—the tender, the well-remembered voice of de Sevignie)—Oh! never (cried he, darting from amidſt his companions, and ſnatching the ſtill ſenſeleſs Madeline from the ground), Oh! never ſhall Madeline be torn from the arms of her father!"

Something like a ray of hope gleamed upon the mind of St. Julian—"I am all amazement!" exclaimed he.

"You

"You are free—you are ſafe (ſaid de Sevignie); 'tis friends, not foes, that you behold; but I can give no explanation till this ſuffering angel is revived."

His promiſed explanation we ſhall anticipate in the following Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Endure and conquer: Jove will ſoon diſpoſe
To future good your paſt and preſent woes.
Reſume your courage, and diſmiſs your care;
An hour will come, with pleaſure to relate
Your ſorrows paſt; as benefits of fate
Endure the hardſhips of your preſent ſtate;
Live, and reſerve yourſelves for better fate.

THE elder D'Alembert was ſon to the Marquis of Montmorenci's ſiſter, and heir to his titles and fortunes if he died without children. He was brought up with a taſte for pleaſure and extravagance—a taſte which, on becoming his own maſter, a circumſtance that took place at a very early period in life, he

he indulged to the utter derangement of his paternal income. From the diſtreſſes which he was conſequently involved in, and which his aſſumed character of ſteadineſs and propriety prevented his diſcloſing to his uncle, he extricated himſelf by an union with an opulent heireſs, whom the elegance and inſinuation of his manners captivated, and was thus enabled again to ſet forward in the career of diſſipation which his embarraſſments had a little interrupted. Lafroy, the ſon of his nurſe, his companion from the cradle, and attendant from the time he required an attendant, was the confident of all his profligate purſuits, and aſſiſted him in the expenditure of ſuch ſums as materially injured his income, and again plunged him in diſtreſs.

To reveal that diſtreſs, he was now more unwilling than ever to do, from a conviction, that now more than ever he ſhould be condemned for the diſſipation which had involved him in it: he therefore ſet his wits to

to work to contrive ways and means for ſupplying his emergencies, and concealing it.

Knowing as he did, that if the Marquis of Montmorenci was without a ſon, he ſhould, as his heir, gain what credit he required, he could not look upon the young Philippe but with eyes of envy and malignancy—as upon a perſon who prevented his being extricated from his difficulties. Philippe, however, was of a delicate conſtitution; and he indulged a hope, that if he once entered the world without the watchful eye of a parent over him, he might be led into ſuch courſes as would eventually deſtroy his health, and terminate his exiſtence: it was a hope derived from a ſelf-experience of the dangerous ſituation in which a young man of rank and faſhion ſtands when unacquainted with the world, and unguarded by any friend. As a means of poiſoning his mind, he had often wiſhed to get Lafroy into his ſervice; he knew of no perſon better calculated for ſowing the ſeeds of vice, and leading the un-

wary into the flowery paths of diſſipation. Accordingly, on a continental tour being ſettled for Philippe, he offered Lafroy to the Marquis for his ſon: having already made that tour himſelf, he ſaid he knew the neceſſity there was for a young man being accompanied in it by ſome perſon on whom he could depend; he therefore recommended Lafroy as ſuch a perſon, as one whoſe principles no temptation could warp, and whoſe integrity would be a guard for him againſt the deſigns of the artful.

The Marquis, who believed the offer of D'Alembert (as he himſelf indeed declared it) to be ſuggeſted by the pureſt friendſhip, accepted it with the moſt heartfelt gratitude, and Lafroy was taken into the ſuite of his ſon.

From Italy Lafroy wrote an account of all his operations to D'Alembert; and with the utmoſt chagrin, one declared, and the other heard, that the mind of Philippe was too

too well fortified by virtue and reflection to be led aſtray.

Notwithſtanding the ill ſucceſs of his plan, and the inconveniences he was often ſubjected to from the loſs of Lafroy, D'Alembert would not recall him, ſtill truſting that time and perſeverance would ſap the foundation which had hitherto reſiſted all the attacks that were made upon it.

So ſilent, ſo imperceptible were thoſe attacks, that Philippe never was alarmed by them; they were like the ſting of the aſp,

> That beſt of thieves, who with an eaſy key
> Doſt open life, and unperceiv'd by us,
> Ev'n ſteal us from ourſelves, diſcharging ſo
> Death's dreadful office better than himſelf;
> Touching our limbs ſo gently into ſlumber,
> That Death ſtands by, deceiv'd by his own image,
> And thinks himſelf but ſleep.

Lord Philippe returned to France without the ſmalleſt alteration in his principles;

and the hopes of D'Alembert died away—hopes, however, which revived on Philippe's declaring his reſolution of going back to Italy, when he had been but a few months returned from it. Something more than a mere inclination to travel he was convinced attracted him ſo immediately from home; and he gave the neceſſary inſtructions to Lafroy to watch him narrowly.

Lafroy ſuſpected an attachment between him and Lady Elenora Dunlere; and his ſuſpicions were confirmed by Lord Philippe's paſſing that time at the caſtle of her father, which, on quitting his own home, he had declared he would ſpend in Italy. To know the nature of the attachment, what kind of connection it had formed, or was likely to form, between them, he laid himſelf out to gain the confidence of Blanche, with whoſe perfect knowledge of all that paſſed in the family he was acquainted. Ignorant, innocent, the very child of ſimplicity, Blanche was not long proof to his artifices—

fices—artifices which were aided by every blandiſhment that had power to touch a ſuſceptible heart, and her virtue and promiſed ſecrecy to her ladies were ſoon ſacrificed to him. From being taken into the family of the Earl when quite a child, and brought up in a great degree with his daughters, Blanche was treated more as an humble friend than ſervant, and entruſted with the moſt important ſecrets. Her protectors doubted not the principles which they had implanted, nor the ſincerity of the attachment which their tenderneſs deſerved, and ſhe profeſſed. With the marriage of both her ladies, with the relationſhip between their huſbands, and the concealment of Lord Philippe's marriage from his brother, ſhe was acquainted, and all thoſe particulars ſhe communicated to Lafroy, who tranſmitted them to his employer.

Scarcely were they known to D'Alembert ere they ſuggeſted a moſt horrid and complicated ſcheme of baſeneſs and cruelty to him;

a ſcheme of which there appeared every probability of ſucceſs. That Lauſane, the injured ſon of the Marquis, could eaſily be worked up to the deſtruction of a brother, who deprived him of his right, he could not doubt; and if Philippe fell, it would ſurely, he thought, be an eaſy matter to get rid of Lauſane. On Lafroy's return to the Caſtle of Montmorenci, he finally adjuſted and arranged his plans. The manner in which they were executed and accompliſhed is already known. Joſephe, at whoſe cottage Lauſane lodged, was, as has been already mentioned, the brother of Lafroy, and Claude was a companion and particular friend, whom D'Alembert, on parting with him, took at his recommendation to ſupply his place.

D'Alembert charged Lafroy to ſecure Blanche, leſt any after-repentance ſhould tempt her to betray them: he accordingly inveigled her from the caſtle, by repreſenting the delights ſhe would experience if ſhe went to Paris; and immediately after the fatal

fatal rencounter between the brothers, he put her into the hands of Claude, who conveyed her thither to the houſe of Madame Fleury. D'Alembert alſo charged him to deſtroy the ſon of Philippe, whoſe exiſtence interfered as much with his proſpects, as that of the father's had done. Lafroy promiſed obedience to all his commands; but the laſt was one he never meant to fulfil. He was ſo great a villain himſelf, he could place no confidence in others; and therefore believed, that if he had no tie upon D'Alembert, he never ſhould receive the rewards he had been promiſed, and thought his ſervices entitled to. He therefore determined to preſerve the infant: nor was he ſtimulated to his preſervation by a mere diſtruſt of D'Alembert; another motive equally powerful influenced him, namely the aggrandizement of his own family through his means. Proud, ambitious, and diſdainful of his dependant ſituation, he reſolved on bringing up the ſon of Lord Philippe as his own nephew, the

child of his brother Joſephe; and at a proper age, inſiſting on an union taking place between him and the daughter of D'Alembert; "when ſuppoſed to be allied to the proud Houſe of Montmorenci (ſaid he), I ſhall no longer be permitted to be a dependant in it; the family will then enrich, will then ennoble me and mine."

As ſoon as he had ſecurely lodged the child in the hands of Joſephe, who, immediately after the departure of Lauſane from his cottage, repaired to the Alps for the purpoſe of receiving it, and eaſily prevailed on his wife to acknowledge it as her's; he diſcloſed his ſcheme to D'Alembert, ſolemnly declaring at the moment he did ſo, that if he did not acquieſce in it, he would betray him to the Marquis. This threat—a threat which, from the diſpoſition of Lafroy, D'Alembert doubted not his putting into execution if incenſed, conquered all oppoſition to it; and he agreed, at a proper age, to

to give his daughter to the ſuppoſed ſon of Joſephe.

But he was ſtill more in the power of Lafroy than he imagined: Lafroy and Claude had watched the meeting between the brothers; and on Lauſane's flying from the bleeding body of Philippe, they haſtened to it. As they bent over it with a kind of ſavage triumph at the ſucceſs of the execrable ſcheme they had been concerned in, they ſuddenly beheld it tremble. Lafroy was ſtartled, and laid his hand upon the breaſt; he felt the heart faintly flutter: "Lauſane (he exclaimed), has but ill-performed the work we gave him."

"I'll try if I cannot do it better," ſaid Claude, and he ſnatched up the dagger, with which Lauſane had ſtabbed Lord Philippe, and which lay beſide him.

"Hold! (cried Lafroy, catching his arm as he raiſed it for the purpoſe of ſtriking Lord Philippe to the heart), a thought ſtrikes me—we had better endeavour to pre-

ſerve than deſtroy his exiſtence;—the life of his ſon is precarious; if our ſchemes relative to him are accompliſhed, we can eaſily deſtroy the father; if they are diſappointed, our declaring his exiſtence will at all times compel D'Alembert to comply with our demands, be they ever ſo extravagant."

"True (cried Claude); but how will you conceal him, or manage about his wounds?"

"There is an extenſive cave (replied Lafroy), contiguous to the vaults of the caſtle, known but to few, and which Blanche ſhewed to me; the former inhabitants of the caſtle uſed it as a place for depoſiting treaſure in, and accordingly fortified it with iron doors. Thither, with your aſſiſtance, I can now convey him; and, as I have a knowledge of ſurgery, I ſhall dreſs his wound, and from the caſtle bring whatever I deem neceſſary for him:—for the purpoſe of attending him, I ſhall continue here till Joſephe has left the child with his wife; he ſhall then return to ſupply my place; and as his

affinity to me is not known, his appearance can excite no ſuſpicion."

"But inhabited as the caſtle is (ſaid Claude), you cannot, without danger of detection, ſecrete him long within the cave."

"No (replied Lafroy), I cannot; as ſoon, therefore, as he regains ſufficient ſtrength to enable him to bear the fatigue of the journey, I ſhall return hither, and with your aſſiſtance and Joſephe's convey him elſewhere."

This cruel ſcheme, which doomed the unfortunate Philippe to worſe than death, to lingering miſery, was put into practice without farther heſitation; and Claude was then diſpatched for Blanche, who waited impatiently to commence her journey with him to Paris.

No ſooner was D'Alembert informed of the death of Philippe, than he deviſed a ſcheme for the deſtruction of Lauſane. This, it may be ſuppoſed, he meant eaſily to effect

by accuſing him of murder, and conſequently drawing upon him the vengeance of an enraged and afflicted father. But this was not by any means his intention;—an open accuſation would, he knew, occaſion a public trial, at which there could be no doubt but Lauſane would declare the artifices which had inſtigated him to the deſtruction of his brother—a declaration that might, that would indeed, in all probability, D'Alembert feared, raiſe ſuſpicions againſt himſelf. To prevent, therefore, all danger of ſuch ſuſpicions, he determined to have him privately deſtroyed; for which purpoſe, he meant to diſpatch ſome of his well-tried emiſſaries to the habitation of Lord Dunlere, habited as officers of juſtice, to demand Lauſane as a murderer; whom, on getting into their hands, they were to convey to a proper place for ſuch a deed of horror, and put to death, but in ſuch a manner, that his death ſhould ſeem the effect of ſome ſudden diſorder. To aid in this diabolical plan, he himſelf travelled in diſguiſe to the

Alps,

Alps, with his emiſſaries; and he was the perſon who alarmed the good monk ſo much by declaring his intention of ſearching every where for Lauſane. The ſtory invented in conſequence of that declaration, completely fruſtrated his deſigns; and he returned not a little delighted to his home, at the idea of Death's having proved ſuch a friend to him, by freeing him both from the trouble and danger of putting Lauſane out of the way himſelf. With him died away all apprehenſion of detection, and all fears of diſappointment relative to the eſtates of Montmorenci; and his diſſipation, in conſequence of the certainty of his expectations being realized, was unbounded.

Lafroy ſtill remained in the ſervice of the Marquis, who felt ſtrongly attached to him from an idea of his having been a faithful and affectionate ſervant to his ſon. That unfortunate ſon recovered from his wound; and, as ſoon as he was able to bear a removal, was conveyed in the dead of the night by Joſephe, Lafroy,

Lafroy, and their partner in iniquity, Claude, to a lonely cottage at ſome diſtance from the caſtle, and well calculated, from its frightful ſolitude, for the purpoſe for which it was taken. Here, under the care of Joſephe, he remained till after the death of Lord Dunlere; he was then re-conveyed to the caſtle, which Lafroy had art enough to prevail on D'Alembert to purchaſe, by pretending he ſhould like it for a future habitation. In reality, he knew no place ſo well calculated for concealing the unhappy Philippe, no place in which he could ſo eaſily make away with him, when he ſhould find his exiſtence no longer neceſſary. As it was not poſſible to keep Joſephe longer from his home without exciting ſuſpicions and enquiries, he diſpatched him to it, and placed in the caſtle a ſiſter of their's and her huſband, whoſe diſpoſitions too much reſembled his own to make him fear any thing from them.

Every

Every thing now went ſmoothly on with D'Alembert: his wife, whom he had never loved, died ſhortly after the ſuppoſed death of the two brothers, and every one conſidered, and treated him with additional reſpect in conſequence of that conſideration, as the heir of Montmorenci. The unhappy Marquis, tortured with remorſe, and anxious to expiate his crimes by atoning to thoſe he had injured, made the moſt diligent enquiries after his eldeſt ſon—enquiries in which D'Alembert, with the warmeſt zeal appeared to join, but which in reality he baffled, wiſhing, for obvious reaſons, to conceal from the Marquis every thing relative to him. The only drawback he had upon his happineſs, was the idea of the degradation he ſhould ſuffer by the union of his daughter with the ſuppoſed ſon of Joſephe, a peaſant upon the Montmorenci eſtate. But as he knew this was a meaſure which could not be avoided without the expoſure of his iniquities, he tried to reconcile himſelf to it by a hope, that his rank and fortune would ſtifle at leaſt the open cenſures

cenſures of the world. The conſequence which he knew he ſhould loſe by his daughter's connection, he determined to try and re-acquire by the marriage of his ſon; and for this purpoſe, looked out amongſt the moſt illuſtrious for a partner for him. His choice ſoon devolved upon the young and lovely heireſs of the Count de Merville, who was then juſt preſented at the French Court by her mother, and was the moſt admired object at it. Her heart was not gained without difficulty; but when gained, her hand ſoon followed it. The prize attained, the tenderneſſes and attentions by which it was won, were ſoon diſcontinued; and the maſk of gentleneſs and ſenſibility caſt aſide, diſcovered to the unhappy mother and daughter features of the utmoſt deformity and horror. To reform, inſtead of reproach, was however the ardent wiſh of both—a wiſh which they were ſoon convinced was not to be accompliſhed; and with unutterable anguiſh, the Counteſs beheld her amiable and beloved child united to a hardened libertine. To try

try and alleviate her bitter deſtiny, ſhe remained with her a conſiderable time after her marriage, till driven from her reſidence by the inſulting treatment of D'Alembert, whoſe expences far exceeding both the fortune of his wife, and the income allowed by his father, made him demand ſupplies from her, which ſhe refuſing, provoked him to language and conduct not more wounding to her as a woman to receive, than degrading to him as a man to uſe. She refuſed thoſe ſupplies, not only becauſe ſhe thought it a ſin to furniſh vice with the means of gratifying itſelf, but becauſe ſhe wiſhed to reſerve ſomething like an independence for her daughter, in caſe ſhe was ever plunged into pecuniary diſtreſſes (of which ſhe beheld every probability) by the thoughtleſs and unbounded extravagance of her huſband.

During her own life this independence could only be acquired, for at her death her fortune, which, in right of her father ſhe enjoyed, was entailed upon her daughter; and

and would, ſhe was convinced, on devolving to her, be ſwept, like all her other poſſeſſions, into the vortex of diſſipation.

To avoid the inſults of D'Alembert, and to diminiſh her expences, ſhe was haſtening to her chateau at the time ſhe met with the accident which introduced her to the cottage of Clermont. No ſooner was ſhe acquainted with his ſituation, than ſhe formed the reſolution of taking his daughter under her protection, and dividing with her whatever ſhe could ſave, and meant to have appropriated ſolely to Madame D'Alembert's uſe.

Her departure from the habitation of D'Alembert did not exempt her from his ſolicitations, or reproaches on finding thoſe ſolicitations ſtill unſucceſsful. A letter from him, couched in a more inſulting ſtile than any ſhe had before received from him, was the occaſion of the illneſs and dejection which ſhocked and alarmed Madeline ſo much

much on her return from Madame Chatteneuf's—an illneſs and dejection, for which the Counteſs would never aſſign the real cauſe. To conceal domeſtic troubles—troubles which could not be remedied, ſhe always conceived to be the wiſeſt plan; rightly conſidering, that the world always took a divided part; and, though convinced one ſide was culpable, never exempted the other entirely from blame.

Enraged, diſappointed, and diſtreſſed by her continued refuſals, D'Alembert formed the horrible reſolution of aſſaſſinating her—a reſolution which he ſcrupled not to avow to his father, who had ever been his abettor in all his villainous ſchemes and profligate purſuits. His father did more than ſanction it by ſilence; he commended it as a proof of real ſpirit, which would not quietly ſubmit to ill-treatment; and recommended Claude, who ſtill continued in his ſervice, as a proper perſon for aſſiſting in ſuch a ſcheme: of this young D'Alembert was already convinced,

vinced, having before tried his abilities in one ſcarcely leſs iniquitous than the preſent. Diſguiſed, they both travelled to the chateau, and in the ruined monaſtery acted the dreadful ſcene which has been already deſcribed. Notwithſtanding her injuries, the juſt reſentment ſhe muſt have felt for them, the Counteſs determined never to reveal their author; the conſequence of doing ſo would, ſhe was convinced, be either death or diſtraction to her daughter. She died, imploring heaven to forgive him as ſhe had done, and for ever conceal from his wife her having fallen by the hand of her huſband.

Her ſolemn injunction to Madeline upon her death bed, not to continue in the houſe if he came to it, was occaſioned by her perfect knowledge of his libertine diſpoſition. Beauty like her's could not fail, ſhe was ſure, of exciting his regards: ſhe was equally ſure that he would not heſitate going any length to gratify his paſſions. She therefore, though without informing Madeline of the danger

ſhe

ſhe dreaded on her account, earneſtly conjured her to avoid it. Of his baſeneſs and profligacy ſhe had had a fatal proof during her reſidence beneath his roof.

Soon after his marriage, ere they were thoroughly acquainted with his diſpoſition, ſhe and Madame D'Alembert took under their protection a young and lovely girl, the orphan of a noble but reduced family, with whom they had been well acquainted. They took her with an intention of amply providing for her, and ſtill keeping her amongſt the circles ſhe had been accuſtomed to. Long ſhe had not been under their care, ere her charms attracted the admiration of D'Alembert; and, in defiance of the laws of hoſpitality, honour, and humanity, he inſulted her with the baſeſt propoſals, and threatened revenge when he found them treated with the contempt they merited. Tenderneſs for her patroneſſes made her long conceal his conduct: at length ſhe grew alarmed, and revealed it. In conſequence

of

of this diſcloſure, they determined to ſend her to a convent in Dauphine, and lodge her there till they could hear of a reſpectable family who would receive her as a boarder, and under whoſe protection ſhe could with ſafety and propriety again enjoy ſome of the pleaſures of life. Under the care of proper attendants ſhe commenced her journey; but how great was the horror, the conſternation of the Counteſs and Madame D'Alembert, when thoſe attendants returned to to inform them, that from the inn where they had ſtopped for the night, ſhe had eloped.

The idea of her having eloped was not for an inſtant conceived either by the Counteſs or Madame D'Alembert; they knew the innocence of the unhappy girl—they knew her total ignorance of all with whom they were not acquainted, and ſuſpicion immediately glanced at D'Alembert: they heſitated not to inform him of that ſuſpicion; they did more—they declared their poſitive conviction

conviction of his having had her carried off by means of ſome of his agents: he denied the juſtice of the charge—he reſented it; and, in reply to their threats (for ſupplications they ſoon found were unavailing), ſaid he was ready to deny before any tribunal they might cite him to, the crime they accuſed him of. His declarations of innocence gained no credit with them; they were convinced of his guilt, but could not prove it; and the unfortunate Adelaide, who had no friends out of their family intereſted about her, was never after heard of by them, notwithſtanding their diligent and unceaſing enquiries, and promiſes of liberally rewarding any one who could give the ſmalleſt intelligence concerning her.

As fearful as her mother of having Madeline ſeen by her huſband, yet unwilling to relinquiſh her ſociety, Madame D'Alembert determined, inſtead of ſending her from it, to ſecrete her in the chateau when Monſieur D'Alembert ſo unexpectedly announced his

his intention of coming to it, for the purpoſe, as Agatha ſuſpected, of ſeeing what part of the eſtate would be the beſt to diſpoſe of. Amongſt the domeſtics who attended Madame D'Alembert to the chateau, was a young female, whoſe principles her maſter had entirely perverted. His improper influence over her was, however, carefully concealed from her miſtreſs, over whom he placed her as a kind of ſpy, an office ſhe too faithfully executed. She overheard the converſation between Madame D'Alembert and Madeline, and communicated it to D'Alembert almoſt immediately after his arrival at the chateau. Eager to behold beauty ſo extolled, he reſted not till he had gained acceſs to the chamber in which Madeline was concealed, and which he effected by means of a ſliding-door in the cloſet, with which ſhe was unacquainted.

The moment he beheld her, he was captivated by her, and determined to leave no means untried of ſecuring charms which he had

had never ſeen equalled. For the purpoſe of concerting a plan for the accompliſhment of his wiſhes, he appointed an interview in the ruined monaſtery with his female confidant. The ſhock which Madeline received in conſequence of that interview, is already known. As ſhe lay ſenſeleſs at his feet, inſtead of being moved to pity by her ſituation, he conceived the horrid idea of availing himſelf of it; and determined to ſend to the chateau for ſome of his emiſſaries to carry her off, when the unexpected approach of his wife and Lubin fruſtrated this intention. Not knowing who were approaching, he and his companion fled at the firſt ſound of their ſteps, and thus loſt the converſation which took place between Madeline and her friend.

He returned the next morning to the monaſtery, and explored every part of it for her; the chateau next underwent a ſearch. When convinced ſhe was gone, his rage knew no bounds; he openly accuſed his wife of per-

fidy, of meanneſs; inſiſted ſhe had infringed her duty in having had any concealment from him; and peremptorily commanded her to tell him (if ſhe hoped for his forgiveneſs), whither ſhe had ſent her lovely charge; this ſhe as peremptorily refuſed doing. Words, in conſequence of that refuſal, grew high between them; and the party which had accompanied him to the chateau, were diſmiſſed abruptly from it by him. As a juſtification of his conduct, and an excuſe for it, he aſſured them that his wife's temper would not permit him to have them with pleaſure to themſelves any longer under his roof.

When freed from their obſervation, and the little reſtraint which they had impoſed upon him, he treated the unhappy Madame D'Alembert with the utmoſt brutality. To avoid his inhumanity, ſhe never ſtirred from her chamber, except compelled to do ſo by his commands; and now endeavoured to beguile her wretchedneſs by beginning her promiſed narrative to Madeline—a narrative, however,

however, which ſhe doubted ever having the power of ſending to her, as D'Alembert ſolemnly ſwore ſhe never ſhould be permitted to leave the chateau, or hold converſe of any kind with any perſon out of it, till ſhe had communicated to him all he deſired to know concerning her lovely friend.

His temper, it may be ſuppoſed, was not improved when his father arrived at the chateau to inform him of the exiſtence of Clermont, and his being acknowledged as the ſon and rightful heir of the Marquis of Montmorenci. This was a blow not more unexpected than dreadful—a blow which completely demoliſhed all his hopes of independence, all his hopes of being extricated from his difficulties. He raved, and imprecated curſes upon the memory of thoſe who had deceived his father relative to Clermont. His rage and regret at not having ſecured Madeline, were augmented when he underſtood that ſhe was the daughter of Clermont; and reflected, that had ſhe been

carried off by him, the diſcovery relative to her father would never, in all probability, have taken place.

" How unfortunate (exclaimed old D'Alembert, in reply to what he had ſaid concerning her), how unfortunate that you are not at liberty to offer your hand, and thus gratify your love and your ambition. Were you free, I am convinced I could ſoon effect a marriage between you and St. Julian's daughter."

His ſon ſtarted; a fluſh of ſavage joy overſpread his countenance—" I can eaſily regain my liberty (ſaid he); I have long ſighed for it; a noble ſoul will ever try to break chains which are oppreſſive. My wife is but a mortal; the hand which gave a quietus to the mother, can eaſily give the ſame to the daughter. We can manage the affair between us ſo ſecretly, that no ſoul ſhall know of it, no eye behold it."

His

His father ſighed heavily, and ſhook his head. Remorſe had lately begun to viſit his breaſt; and he trembled to think there was an eye over all their actions—an eye which could not be deceived. "I like not the ſhedding of blood," ſaid he.

"You were not always averſe to it," cried his ſon with a malignant ſneer.

"True, becauſe my deſigns could be by no other means accompliſhed; where mercy can be ſhewn, I wiſh to be merciful; you can get rid of your wife without deſtroying her: the report of her death will as effectually ſerve your purpoſes as if ſhe had really died; and in the caſtle on the Alps ſhe can be too ſecurely lodged ever to have an opportunity of proving the fallacy of that report."

D'Alembert deteſted his wife; and could not, without the utmoſt reluctance, think of ſparing her life; when his father at length prevailed upon him to promiſe to do ſo. They ſoon concerted their ſchemes relative

to her. It was determined that he ſhould apologize to her for his unkindneſs; and, as an atonement for it, inſiſt upon her accompanying him to Bareges, in order to try and recover her health, which to herſelf alone he ſhould acknowledge his fears of having injured. Their plans arranged, they immediately ſeparated. Old D'Alembert was in haſte to return to his houſe from whence he had privately departed for the purpoſe of conſulting his ſon on the ſudden change in their proſpects; Claude alone knew of his departure, and was ordered to detain the Marquis's meſſenger, and invent a plauſible excuſe for the letter he brought not being anſwered directly.

The purport of the letter which D'Alembert wrote in reply to it has been already mentioned. After writing it, he had a private interview with Lafroy, to whom he imparted the new ſcene of cruelty and baſeneſs he and his ſon were about acting; and gave ſuch inſtructions as he deemed neceſſary.

Theſe

Theſe inſtructions were merely to do every thing which could gain the favour and confidence of St. Julian, and render him unſuſpicious of the deſigns upon his daughter. To forward which deſigns, it was determined that all the horrors of ſuperſtition ſhould be awakened in his breaſt; when once infected, once enervated by them, he might eaſily, D'Alembert believed, be made the dupe of art and villany. For the purpoſe of exciting thoſe horrors, Lafroy ſecreted himſelf in the chamber of Lord Philippe, to which he gained acceſs by a way not known to many of the family, and forgotten by thoſe who did know it, from its being long diſuſed. Immediately behind the bedſtead was a ſmall door which opened into a dark cloſet, communicating with a flight of back ſtairs; thoſe ſtairs, and this cloſet, previous to his reſidence at the caſtle, had been ſhut up, and chance firſt diſcovered them to him. A valuable ring of his Lord's was miſlaid one day, and, in ſearching for it, he puſhed aſide the bedſtead, and perceived the door; curi-

oſity made him eagerly unbar it, and explore the places beyond it. Of thoſe long deſerted places he determined to avail himſelf when the plan of alarming St. Julian was firſt ſuggeſted, and his was the hand which, extended through the tapeſtry, had ſo greatly ſhocked and terrified Madeline.

The rage of D'Alembert at her obſtinate refuſal of his ſon, was even greater than he expreſſed; he ſoon found that ſolicitations were vain, and that ſtratagem alone could effect his purpoſes. The ſtratagem he called in to his aid is already known: but whilſt exulting at the idea of the ſucceſs with which there was every appearance of its being crowned, he was ſuddenly plunged into deſpair by the intelligence of his daughter-in-law's exiſtence being diſcovered to Madeline and her father—a deſpair, however, from which the ready genius of Lafroy ſoon relieved him.

The letter which Madeline received relative to her friend, was written and delivered by

by Claude. A fit of illneſs, which endangered his life, effected a thorough reformation in his principles; and he roſe from the bed of ſickneſs reſolved to make every atonement in his power for his former enormities. To openly declare the exiſtence of Madame D'Alembert and the unfortunate Philippe, would be, he was convinced, to occaſion their immediate deſtruction; for ſo well was he acquainted with the hardened wickedneſs of D'Alembert, his ſon, and Lafroy, that he doubted not their declaring ſuch an aſſertion the aſſertion of a madman, and inſtantly diſpatching ſome of the well-tried and diabolical agents, by which they were ſurrounded, to deſtroy Philippe and Viola ere any perſon from the Marquis could be deputed to ſearch for them. He knew the neceſſity therefore there was for going ſecretly to work, and, having once gained acceſs to the caſtle, to warn Madeline of her danger, determined to ſet out alone for the Alps. He learned from a domeſtic of D'Alembert's who was ſent home, that Madeline

confined herſelf to her chamber; and, acquainted as he was with every avenue in the caſtle, he found it no difficult matter to ſteal to her unperceived by any of the family.

His letter, which St. Julian, in the full conviction of his fidelity, imparted to Lafroy, was immediately ſhewn by him to D'Alembert. For leaving him ſo abruptly, Lafroy apologized to St. Julian by ſaying he wiſhed to be alone in his chamber, in order to conſider what was to be done.

D'Alembert, on reading the letter, ſtruck his forehead in a frenzy, and exclaimed that all was loſt. Lafroy, however, ſoon convinced him to the contrary. The converſation which paſſed between him and Madeline, and which has already been related, ſufficiently explains his plot.

St. Julian, inſtead of meeting a friendly guide at the extremity of the foreſt, as he

had been taught to expect, was met by two ruffians, who rudely seized him, and forced him into a chaise, in which he was conveyed to Madame Fleury's, where too late he discovered, that by the person in whom he had most confided, he had been most deceived.

Josephe, Lafroy's brother, was the person who accompanied Madeline to Paris, under the assumed name of Oliver. An express from the Castle of Montmorenci informed young D'Alembert of all the transactions at it, and of St. Julian and his daughter being consigned to the care of Madame Fleury till he had determined their fate. He immediately conceived the idea of passing himself as the nephew of Madame Fleury, and under that assumed character, offering his hand to Madeline, falsely imagining her friendless situation would make her readily embrace any offer which gave her a promise of protection. When tired of her, which he doubted not being soon the case, he resolved on destroying her, as a sure method of pre-

venting another diſappointment relative to the fortune of Montmorenci: her father's death he would not have delayed an hour, but that he was withheld from it, by conſidering, if artifice failed with Madeline, fears for her father might accompliſh his deſigns. In the houſe of Madame Fleury, he knew any ſcene of iniquity might be acted with impunity. She was a woman of the moſt infamous deſcription, and avowedly kept a houſe for the encouragement of vice. Beneath her roof the innocent and lovely Adelaide loſt her life; bribed to the horrid deed by D'Alembert, the owner of the inn at which ſhe ſlept put her into his power, and, on finding no other way of eſcaping his violence, ſhe ſtabbed herſelf to the heart with a knife which ſhe concealed about her; her body was thrown into a vault beneath the houſe; and it was the traces of her blood which had ſo much alarmed Madeline. Blanche, the once faithful ſervant of her mother's, was the unhappy penitent ſhe diſcovered before the crucifix: the ſeeds of virtue

virtue which had been early implanted in her mind, the artifices of Lafroy had not been able entirely to deſtroy; and ere ſhe was many months with Madame Fleury, Blanche bitterly regretted her miſconduct, and wiſhed to leave her. This was a wiſh, however, which Madame Fleury was peremptorily commanded by D'Alembert not to gratify, leſt her releaſement ſhould occaſion the diſcovery of his crimes.

The reſemblance which Madeline bore to Lady Geraldine immediately ſtruck her; the effect it had upon her has been already deſcribed. On Madeline's quitting her, ſhe followed her to the head of the gallery, and heard the ſcene which paſſed between her and D'Alembert. Whilſt he was purſuing Madeline, ſhe ſtepped into his chamber, and read his letters, which clearly explained the real name of Madeline, and the ſituation of her and her father—a ſituation which, on diſcovering who they really were, Blanche was determined to run every riſk to reſcue them

them from. She was acquainted with all the paſſages in the houſe, and knew ſhe never was ſuſpected of leaving her chamber; ſhe therefore flattered herſelf ſhe could eaſily effect their delivery. As ſoon as it grew dark, ſhe unlocked the door of St. Julian's priſon, who had by that time entirely recovered from the effects of the opiate, and briefly informed him of her wiſhes and intention to ſerve him. He heard her with grateful tranſport; and was conducted by her to the vault communicating with the court, from whence ſhe aſcended to bring his daughter to him.

During this tranſaction D'Alembert was ſeated quietly with Madame Fleury, exulting at the probability there was of his ſchemes being now ſucceſsful in conſequence of the terror into which he had thrown Madeline, whom he meant ſhortly to viſit, and inform that the officers of juſtice were coming to the houſe to ſeize her father. But great as was his exultation, it was trifling compared

compared to that which his father experienced, who, on the removal of St. Julian and Madeline from the Caſtle of Montmorenci, had not a fear remaining of any future diſappointment. Till Madeline was ſecured, he deemed it unſafe to ſay any thing about her father to the Marquis; he therefore made him believe, till ſhe had departed, that his unfortunate ſon, oppreſſed with the deepeſt melancholy, wandered about the foreſt to indulge it the whole day, and only returned at night to take ſome trifling refreſhment, and go to bed.

As ſoon as Madeline was conſigned to the care of Joſephe, a letter was preſented to the Marquis, which exactly imitated the writing of his ſon, and was ſigned with his name. This letter contained a full confeſſion of the murder of his brother, and went on as follows:—"It was a murder to which I was ſtimulated by revenge at the uſurpation of my rights, and a hope, that if he was once out of the way, you would not be averſe

averſe to doing me juſtice. That hope has been realized, but without yielding me happineſs. Since my arrival at the caſtle, remorſe has been awakened by means not more awful than myſterious, in my breaſt; and, in conſequence of that remorſe, I have determined to reſign all claim to the fortunes of Montmorenci, and ſeclude myſelf for ever from the world. Nor ſhall my daughter enjoy them; they would entail miſery inſtead of happineſs upon her: a convent is her doom; to her God I ſhall devote her; the offering I truſt will be acceptable, and cauſe him to look with an eye of compaſſion and forgiveneſs upon my miſeries and crimes."

The feelings of the Marquis on peruſing this letter were too dreadful to be deſcribed; he accuſed himſelf as the cauſe of death to one ſon, and guilt to the other; and all idea of vengeance for the murder of Philippe was loſt in the reflection of his having occaſioned that murder himſelf. His life, in all

all probability, would have been terminated in a few days by the anguiſh he ſuffered, had not that Being, who accepts our penitence as an atonement for our errors, unexpectedly relieved him from the horrors of deſpair.

D'Alembert diſpatched two emiſſaries after Claude for the purpoſe of deſtroying him. Fatigued by his exertions, he had ſtepped aſide to reſt himſelf in a little groteſque hollow at ſome diſtance from the road they took, and thus eſcaped falling into their mercileſs hands. From his concealment he had a perfect view of them, and the moment he beheld them, he conjectured their horrible deſigns. All hope of ſuccouring Madame D'Alembert now died away; all hope of eſcaping the vengeance of her huſband and his father; for whether he advanced or retreated, he was confident equal danger awaited him. Overwhelmed with fear and anguiſh, he flung himſelf deſpairingly on the ground, determined rather to die there, than

by

by ſtirring from the ſpot, expoſe himſelf to the hand of an aſſaſſin. In this ſituation he heard a party of travellers approaching; he was in that deſperate ſtate which tempts a man to adventure every thing. He accordingly ſtarted up, and reſolved on applying to them for protection for himſelf, and aſſiſtance for Madame D'Alembert. The inſtant they drew near, he threw himſelf before them, and in a ſupplicating voice, beſought them to ſtop and liſten to a ſtory calculated to awaken all the feelings of compaſſion, and to intereſt every generous heart. His words and manner claimed immediate attention, and he began his ſtrange narrative. Scarcely had he concluded it, when a ſudden exclamation of mingled grief and indignation burſt from ſome of the party, which convinced him he had applied to the friends of Madame D'Alembert in her behalf. To her moſt tender, moſt affectionate friends he had indeed applied—to Madame Chatteneuf and her daughter, who were returning from Italy to France, accompanied by

by an Italian Nobleman, (to whom a few days before the commencement of her journey, Olivia had given her hand), his friend, and a numerous retinue of ſervants. To the dreary caſtle they immediately bent their courſe, and reſcued the unhappy Viola from worſe than death—from lingering miſery!

Her ſafety enſured, Claude mentioned the impriſonment of Philippe. His reaſon for not declaring it to Madeline was owing to his doubts of the exiſtence of the unhappy captive at the time he ſet out for the Alps, having heard a few days before that he was in ſo weak a ſtate, his life was deſpaired of: he therefore feared raiſing expectations in the breaſt of Madeline which might be diſappointed, being well convinced, that if Philippe died ere he reached the caſtle, the aſſertion of his having lived to that period, would be conſidered as the mere fabrication of his brain. To the gloomy tower in which he was confined, he led the way, and found him, as he had been taught to expect, on the

the very brink of the grave—that grave to which he had long wiſhed himſelf conſigned; for, torn as he was from all that could render life deſirable, life was a burthen which he ardently wiſhed to reſign! But with the change in his proſpects, an immediate change took place in his ſentiments, and the ſoothing attentions of compaſſion—attentions to which he had been long a ſtranger; the joy of unexpected deliverance, and rapturous idea of beholding his ſon, ſoon effected ſuch an alteration in his appearance, as not more delighted than aſtoniſhed his friends, gave them every hope of his ſpeedy recovery, and enabled them, even ſooner than they had expected, to proceed to the caſtle of Montmorenci. Within a little way of it, all the carriages but Madame Chatteneuf's, ſtopped and, accompanied by her ſon-in-law, ſhe proceeded to it, and demanded a private interview with the Marquis. After the firſt ceremonies of meeting were over, ſhe told him ſhe had ſomething to relate to him not more affecting than intereſting;

intereſting; but declared ſhe could not commence her relation till he had given orders for Monſieur D'Alembert and Lafroy being ſecured.

Strange as was this deſire, the impreſſive manner in which it was delivered, would not permit the Marquis to heſitate about obeying it. He accordingly ſummoned ſome of the domeſtics he moſt confided in, and gave them a ſtrict charge to have an eye over D'Alembert and Lafroy, and inform him if they attempted to quit the caſtle.

Madame Chatteneuf then began her promiſed narrative;—nothing but the knowledge which the Marquis had of her character, could have prevented him from interrupting her in the midſt of it, and declaring his doubts of its truth. When ſhe had concluded the recital of the injuſtice which had been done to Madame D'Alembert, and her ſufferings in conſequence of it, ſhe pauſed—pauſed from the emotions ſhe experienced at

at the idea of thoſe which the fond father would feel when informed the long-lamented darling of his heart was about being reſtored to his arms. She approached him with eyes ſwimming in tears, and taking his hand, preſſed it between her's. "A yet greater, a yet more affecting ſurpriſe than that received by hearing of Madame D'Alembert's exiſtence, awaits you (cried ſhe); Oh! endeavour to bear it with compoſure—endeavour to hear with moderation—that he, whom long you have mourned, ſtill lives—lives to demand a father's bleſſing, and recompenſe the bitter ſorrow he has occaſioned."

Great joy and great ſorrow are often alike in their effects. Madame Chatteneuf had ſcarcely uttered the laſt word, ere the Marquis fainted in her arms. She directly deſired a ſervant to be diſpatched for the reſt of her party; and the firſt object the Marquis beheld on recovering, was his long-loſt Philippe. The ſcene which followed can better be conceived than deſcribed; it was

ſuch

ſuch as drew tears from every ſpectator. Yet amidſt the Marquis's raptures, the keeneſt pangs of anguiſh ſeized his heart at beholding the devaſtation which ſuffering had made upon his ſon. no more he beheld eyes darting fire, cheeks painted with the livelieſt bloom of health, and a form graceful and elaſtic. "But happineſs (he exclaimed) happineſs never is perfect in this life!"

When Philippe grew a little more compoſed, he mentioned his ſon, and beſought him to be ſent for. This was a new ſurpriſe, a new ſource of delight to the Marquis; and an expreſs was directly diſpatched to the cottage of Joſephe for him. Orders were alſo given for the confinement of D'Alembert and Lafroy.

Ignorant of the late tranſactions at the caſtle, de Sevignie, whilſt he obeyed the ſummons to it, could not otherwiſe account for that ſummons, than by ſuppoſing his reſidence near Madeline had been diſcovered by

by her father, and awakened his apprehenſions of their attachment being renewed in conſequence of their vicinity to each other; to prevent which, he had ſent for him to requeſt he would go elſewhere. "If he makes ſuch a requeſt, I will obey it (cried de Sevignie, as in a melancholy manner he followed the meſſenger); go where I will, I ſhall ſtill retain the idea of Madeline; and, though my ſituation cannot gain the approbation, my conduct ſhall merit the eſteem, of her father."

Oh! how impoſſible to deſcribe the feelings of Philippe when he preſented himſelf to his view? How equally impoſſible to do juſtice to thoſe of the Marquis, when, in the youthful Henri, he beheld the exact reſemblance of his beloved ſon—his reſemblance, when all the graces, all the charms of elegance and youth were his. Surpriſed by the reception he met with, by the emotions with which he was alternately claſped to the boſom of Lord Philippe and the Marquis,

quis, de Sevignie looked the very picture of aſtoniſhment. He was not permitted to remain long in ignorance of his real ſituation; and with a delight not inferior to that experienced by his new-found relatives, he knelt to receive their bleſſing. But ſhort was the duration of his joy when informed of Madeline and her father having been ſpirited away from the caſtle; informed of the too probable dangers which ſurrounded them, the moſt dreadful anguiſh pervaded his ſoul; and ſtriking his hand diſtractedly againſt his forehead, he exclaimed, that happineſs was loſt for ever!

D'Alembert and Lafroy had been brought into the apartment, taxed with their guilt, and ſtrictly interrogated concerning St. Julian and his daughter; to which interrogations both had hitherto obſerved a profound ſilence—a ſilence the former determined to perſevere in, from a fiend-like wiſh of rendering others as miſerable as himſelf; but

which the latter reſolved on breaking if he could, by doing ſo, eſcape the puniſhment he merited. In reply, therefore, to what de Sevignie had ſaid, he declared there was ſtill a chance of happineſs being reſtored to him.

"If (cried he) the Marquis will promiſe to pardon me, and not caſt me without proviſion upon the world, I will, without delay, reveal the place to which the Count and his daughter have been taken."

"Oh! promiſe him all he aſks (exclaimed de Sevignie, graſping the arm of the Marquis); promiſe him pardon—promiſe him wealth, protection, if he but declares the ſituation of Madeline and her father."

"Solemnly I promiſe to grant him all he deſires," ſaid the Marquis.

"May his information come too late! (cried D'Alembert, who, finding his baſeneſs could not even be palliated, determined no longer to conceal the deformity of his ſoul); may his information come too late! ere this, I truſt, the fate of the father and daughter

daughter is decided—the dreadful fate to which they both were doomed."

"Infernal monſter! (exclaimed de Sevignie, catching him by the breaſt, then ſuddenly flinging him from him); you are a defenceleſs man (he exclaimed), that conſideration alone ſaves you from my fury. Villain as you are, I will not ſtrike where there can be no reſiſtance. Oh! tell me (he continued, turning to Lafroy), Oh! tell me whither I can fly to reſcue Madeline and her father."

Lafroy, having made his conditions, informed him without heſitation, and the Count Manfredonia, the huſband of Olivia, and his friend Count Duraſſo, both declared their reſolution of accompanying him directly to Paris.

Whilſt the carriages were preparing, the Marquis wrote a haſty letter to a nobleman of high rank and power there, requeſting him to give whatever authority was neceſſary to de Sevignie for ſearching the houſe of Madame

Fleury. De Sevignie never ſtopped till he reached Paris, except when compelled to do ſo for the purpoſe of changing horſes.

The moment the nobleman to whom the Marquis's letter was addreſſed, had peruſed it, he procured proper officers to accompany de Sevignie to Madame Fleury's. She and D'Alembert were immediately ſecured, and the houſe ſearched for Madeline and her father. But when de Sevignie found it ſearched in vain, no language could deſcribe what he felt; he flew to the priſoners, and implored them to reveal the place to which they had conveyed the unfortunate St. Julian and his daughter. They heard his ſupplications unmoved: what he aſked they could not indeed have granted; yet, in order to torture him, they pretended that they could. Though unable to account for the eſcape of St. Julian and Madeline, they yet believed they had effected it, and rejoiced at the idea, not only on the account of the anguiſh which they perceived the uncertainty of

of their fate gave to de Sevignie, but from a hope that they might be able to extricate themſelves from his power, and regain the fugitives.

De Sevignie was ſinking beneath the horrors of deſpair, when the ſubterraneous chambers were mentioned by the officers; thither he directly fled, and there diſcovered the objects of his ſearch; from thence he bore the ſenſeleſs Madeline to the parlour, which was cleared for her reception. Oh! how utterly impoſſible to deſcribe her feelings when, on recovering, ſhe perceived de Sevignie—when, as he preſſed her to his throbbing heart, from his lips ſhe received an aſſurance of her ſafety and her father's: but great as was the rapture of thoſe feelings, it was faint compared to that which ſhe experienced on being informed of the exiſtence of Philippe. At firſt ſhe doubted the reality of what ſhe heard, and accuſed de Sevignie of an intention of deceiving her; then beſought him, if he wiſhed to be credited,

dited, to give a ſolemn aſſurance of the truth of his aſſertion. This ſolemn aſſurance was inſtantly given, and received by Madeline with a wild ſcream of joy: then, flying to her father, who, on the firſt mention of his brother, had ſunk motionleſs upon a chair, ſhe flung herſelf into his arms; her careſſes reſtored him to ſenſibility. He diſengaged himſelf from her, and knelt down—"Oh! God (he cried, his uplifted hands folded together), accept my thanks—accept my thanks for preventing me from being in reality a murderer, a fratricide. In adverſity I beſought thee to give me fortitude to bear it; in proſperity I now beſeech thee to give me moderation to ſuſtain it; Oh! teach, teach me to ſupport with compoſure this ſudden reverſe of ſituation!"

"Oh! ecſtaſy (cried Madeline, kneeling beſide him), to know your guiltleſs brother lives; to know you have nothing more to fear, repays me amply for all my ſufferings."

When

When they grew a little compoſed, de Sevignie continued his narration.

"The web of deceit is at length unravelled (ſaid St. Julian, as ſoon as he had concluded it), and the ways of Providence are juſtified to man. We now perceive, that however ſucceſsful the ſchemes of wickedneſs may be at firſt, they are, in the end, completely defeated and overthrown. We now perceive, that God wounds but to heal, ſtrikes but to ſave, puniſhes us in this life, but to correct our paſſions, and render us deſerving of happineſs in that which is to come."

Blanche, who had followed them to the parlour, ſhared their tranſports, and now made herſelf known; for time and ſorrow had ſo altered her, that St. Julian had not the ſmalleſt recollection of her. He freely granted the pardon ſhe aſked for the part ſhe had had in his ſufferings, and he promiſed to ſend her to the place of her nativity,

where ſhe earneſtly wiſhed to end her days.

Anxious to terminate the anxiety of his friends, it was determined that the journey to the Caſtle of Montmorenci ſhould be commenced at the dawn of day. Accordingly at the ſettled time they left the deteſted manſion of Madame Fleury, leaving her and D'Alembert in it under the care of the officers of juſtice, till it ſhould be known whether the charges againſt them would occaſion their being confined elſewhere. They travelled with the utmoſt expedition, nor ſlackened their ſpeed, till within a ſhort diſtance of the caſtle, in order to ſend forward a ſervant to inform the Marquis of their approach, leſt their appearance, if unexpected, ſhould affect him too much; but, notwithſtanding this precaution, the emotions he felt on beholding them—on beholding the long ſeparated brothers folded in the arms of each other, were ſuch as nearly overcame

came him, and "ſhook his frame almoſt to diſſolution."

In the moſt affecting language St. Julian implored Lord Philippe's pardon, which he, in terms not leſs affecting, granted.

"My ſons (ſaid a reverend Monk from a neighbouring convent, the ſame to whom the Marquis had given ſuch particular directions about his eldeſt ſon before he was diſcovered), take my advice, and let a veil be drawn over paſt tranſactions, never to be raiſed except it is for the purpoſe of inſtructing youth, by diſplaying to them the fearful ſcenes which uncontrouled paſſions may occaſion—uncontrouled paſſions I repeat, for to ſuch were all your miſeries owing. The Marquis, by gratifying his love at the expence of honour and humanity, entailed remorſe upon himſelf, and all the horrors which muſt ever attend our conviction of being under the immediate diſpleaſure of heaven: and you (addreſſing St. Julian), by madly

following the bent of reſentment, plunged yourſelf, to all appearance, into an abyſs of guilt, from whence you ſcarcely dared to raiſe your eyes to heaven to implore its protection againſt the deſigns of the cruel, and the puniſhment you thought you had merited; whilſt your brother, by gratifying the impulſe of inclination, without obtaining, or trying to obtain, the ſanction of a parent, left himſelf expoſed to the moſt baſe deſigns, and, by practiſing deceit himſelf, taught others to practiſe it upon him. In the courſe of your ſufferings, I dare ſay you have often accuſed fate of being the occaſion of them; when, in reality, had you properly reflected, you would have found they entirely originated with yourſelves: that they are terminated can ſcarcely excite more pleaſure in your hearts than in mine: may your happineſs never again know diminution, and your paſt ſorrows, if mentioned, only be mentioned for the purpoſe of keeping alive a fervent gratitude to that Being who ſo wonderfully diſperſed them!

From

"From your ſtrange and eventful ſtory, the virtuous may be convinced that they ſhould never deſpair—the guilty, that they ſhould never exult, as the hour of deliverance to one, and retribution to the other, often arrives when leaſt expected: both ſhould alſo learn by it, that a merciful God makes allowances for human frailty, and accepts ſincere repentance as an atonement for error." In the words of the poet the holy man might have concluded,

Heaven has but
Our ſorrows for our ſins, and then delights
To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy ſeems
Its darling attribute, which limits juſtice,
As if there were degrees in Infinite,
And Infinite would rather want perfection
Than puniſh to extent.

"The affection ſubſiſting between my ſons (ſaid the Marquis), prevents my feeling that uneaſineſs I ſhould otherwiſe experience at the idea of leaving one almoſt wholly depending upon the other."

"We will know no difference of fortune (exclaimed St. Julian); all that I could do for my brother, all that I could beſtow upon him, could never be a ſufficient recompence for the ſufferings I occaſioned him."

"Moſt amply can you recompenſe them," ſaid Philippe.

"In what manner?" cried St. Julian with eagerneſs.

"Need I explain my meaning? (ſaid Philippe, and he glanced alternately at Madeline and de Sevignie, whoſe attachment he had been previouſly informed of); need I ſay that it is by giving your daughter to my ſon, you can make me amends for all my ſorrows."

"That I ſhall readily make ſuch amends, you will believe (cried St. Julian), when I tell you, that by ſo doing, I ſhall enſure my own happineſs; in ſeeing the precious offſpring of Elenora and Geraldine united, the moſt ardent wiſhes of my heart will be accompliſhed: in giving her to de Sevignie, I give her to a man, in whoſe favour I felt a predilection

predilection from the firſt moment I beheld him—a predilection, excited not only by his manner, but his ſtrong reſemblance to you. Take her (he continued, preſenting her hand to de Sevignie), take her with the fond bleſſing of her father; and may the felicity you both deſerve, be ever your's!"

The feelings of de Sevignie and Madeline were ſuch as language could not have done juſtice to; but their eyes, more eloquently than any words could have done, expreſſed them.

Sorrow now ſeemed removed from every heart but that of Madame D'Alembert's; with the deepeſt melancholy ſhe ruminated over her ſad proſpects, and reſolved to retire from the caſtle of Montmorenci to a convent, as ſoon as ſome ſettlement had taken place relative to her huſband and his iniquitous father. On her account (well knowing, notwithſtanding her abhorrence to them, ſhe would ſenſibly feel their expoſure

to

to public diſgrace), the Marquis determined not to give them up to the puniſhment they merited, provided they ſolemnly promiſed, ere he liberated them, never more to moleſt her, or attempt injuring the property ſhe inherited in right of her mother. He had already ſpoken on the ſubject to D'Alembert, but could not extort a reply from him; he therefore reſolved on ſending an expreſs to the ſon, to inform him of the conditions on which he would reſtore him to liberty.

On the evening of the happy day which reſtored them to the Caſtle of Montmorenci, de Sevignie and Madeline wandered into the foreſt, and there he informed her of all he had ſuffered on her account. "In a manner very different from the family to which I was ſuppoſed to belong (ſaid he) I was brought up, by the deſire, it was ſaid, of Monſieur D'Alembert, my godfather. Not qualified from my education to partake of the amuſements, or join in the purſuits of my

my family, I found home unpleaſant, and early conceived a paſſion for wandering about; which paſſion the preſents I received from D'Alembert, and the indulgence of my father, permitted me to gratify. In the courſe of my wanderings, I beheld and became acquainted with you: the feelings you inſpired, what followed that acquaintance muſt have already explained. Though formed to adorn the higheſt ſtation, I yet flattered myſelf the unambitious diſpoſition of your father would incline him to beſtow you on me, provided I could prove myſelf poſſeſſed of a competency, and worthy, from my paſt conduct, of his approbation. To do the latter would, I knew, be eaſy; and to do the former would, I truſted, be ſcarcely more difficult, for D'Alembert had always promiſed to ſecure me a handſome eſtabliſhment, and I now hoped he might be prevailed on to fulfil his promiſes. I wrote to my father, opened my whole heart to him, and beſought him to apply to D'Alembert in my behalf. I received an immediate

anſwer

anſwer to this letter, in which my father charged me, except I wiſhed to incur his ſevereſt malediction, never to think more about you, declaring that my ſole proſperity in life depended on my union with D'Alembert's daughter, who, in my viſits to the chateau, he ſaid, had conceived a partiality for me, which her father, rather than deſtroy her peace, had determined to gratify. My reſolution, on peruſing this letter, was inſtantly formed: I reſolved never to marry a woman I diſliked, nor unite myſelf to one I loved, except aſſured I could add to, inſtead of injure, her happineſs. Notwithſtanding my determination, I lingered in your houſe till the altered looks of your father plainly convinced me he wiſhed for my departure: the pangs which rend ſoul and body, could not, I am ſure, have been greater than thoſe I endured on tearing myſelf from you.

"I retured to my father's houſe; he treated me ill, and I reſumed my wanderings, with a hope that change of ſcene might alleviate

alleviate my anguiſh; but this hope was diſappointed; no change of ſcene could change the feelings of my ſoul; no company could amuſe, no proſpect delight; upon the loveliest productions of Nature I often gazed with a vacant eye—proſpects which, in the early days of youth, when expectation ſat ſmiling at my heart, I had often contemplated with a degree of rapturous enthuſiaſm which ſeemed to raiſe me from earth to heaven, and inſpiring me with a ſublime devotion, made me look up through Nature's works to Nature's God.

"Not all the attention, the hoſpitality I received at V——, to which chance alone conducted me, could diſſipate the thoughts that corroded my peace; but, as if I had a preſentiment of your coming to it, I could not bring myſelf to leave it. Strange and inconſiſtent you found me; that ſtrangeneſs, that inconſiſtency, was owing to a paſſion which I wiſhed to conquer, yet could not forbear nouriſhing—which I wiſhed, yet dreaded, to have returned, conſcious as I

was

was that that return would plunge the object of my love in ſorrow.

"But how weak is the mind of man, how frail his beſt reſolves! When I found I had an intereſt in that tender heart, every idea but of felicity fled from me; and I was tempted to aſk you to unite your deſtiny to mine: a ſudden interruption to our converſation alone prevented my doing ſo. Scarcely however, had I left your preſence, ere Reaſon reſumed her empire, and repreſented the baſeneſs of what I had intended. Shall I then perſevere in ſuch an intention? (I cried); ſhall I take advantage of her tenderneſs?—ſhall I requite it by plunging her into difficulties—by tranſplanting her from the genial ſoil in which ſhe has flouriſhed, to one of penury?—ſhall I ſink, inſtead of exalting, my love?—ſhall I requite the humanity of the father, by blaſting the hopes he entertains about his child?—Oh! no, (I exclaimed, maddening at the idea), I will not be ſuch a villain; I will not, Madeline, merit your after-reproaches and my own by ſuch conduct;

duct; every hope relative to you—hopes which but now raiſed my ſoul to heaven, I will relinquiſh. How I acted in conſequence of this determination you know; but you know not, nor can I give you any adequate idea of the anguiſh which I endured in conſequence of it—the anguiſh which I felt at obſerving the reſentment that glowed upon your cheek, and ſparkled in your eye at the idea of my being either deceitful or capricious; ſcarcely on witneſſing it, could I withhold myſelf from kneeling at your feet, and fully explaining the motives of my conduct. You may wonder, perhaps, at my not revealing myſelf on hearing of the Counteſs de Merville's kind intentions towards me; I was prevented doing ſo, by an idea of her being, notwithſtanding all her worth, too proud, like the reſt of the French Nobleſſe, to think of beſtowing her Madeline—ſhe, whoſe graces, whoſe lovelineſs fitted her for the moſt exalted ſtation, upon the ſon of a peaſant, when once ſhe had diſcovered his origin: to diſcloſe my ſituation I

therefore

therefore deemed unneceſſary. After our parting I lingered ſome time longer at V——, and might not perhaps have left it ſo ſoon as I did, had I not received a poſitive command from my father to return home:—on doing ſo, he renewed his importunities for a marriage with D'Alembert's daughter; I told him my poſitive determination relative to her, and he behaved with outrage. I ſhould immediately have quitted home, had he not aſſured me, if I did ſo, his curſes would purſue me. Though I conſidered his conduct unjuſtifiable, I ſhrunk from his malediction, and accordingly obeyed him. Chance firſt produced the diſcovery of my vicinity to her who engroſſed all my thoughts. Ah! little did I think, when I firſt heard of the newly-acknowledged ſon of the Marquis of Montmorenci, that Clermont was that ſon: Ah! little did I think, when I heard of the beauty, the goodneſs of his daughter, that it was to the praiſes of Madeline I was liſtening.

"I ſaw

"I ſaw you one day in the foreſt; ſurpriſe rivetted me to the ſpot, nor had I power to move till you diſappeared. A domeſtic belonging to the caſtle was paſſing me at the moment; I enquired from him about you, and heard your real ſituation. From that period I haunted the foreſt in hopes of catching a glimpſe of you; and you may recollect ſeeing me one evening near the monumental pillar.

"Great have been my ſufferings, but amply are they recompenſed; my preſent felicity is ſuch as, in the moſt ſanguine moments of expectation, I never could have thought of experiencing. To find myſelf allied to beings congenial to my heart—to find myſelf on the point of being united to the woman I adore, is a happineſs which requires the utmoſt efforts of reaſon to bear with any moderation."

As he ſpoke, they heard an approaching ſtep, and the next inſtant St. Julian appeared before them:—he looked agitated; and Madeline

deline, in a voice of alarm, enquired the cauſe of that agitation;—he briefly informed her.

An expreſs, he ſaid, had juſt arrived from Paris to announce the death of young D'Alembert. Maddened at finding his ſchemes diſcovered, and his hopes defeated, in a paroxyſm of fury he had ſtabbed himſelf; but ſcarcely had he committed the raſh act ere he repented it, and implored immediate aſſiſtance; this aſſiſtance was procured but to confirm his apprehenſions of the wound being mortal. After ſuffering excruciating pangs of body and mind, he endeavoured to eaſe the latter by a full avowal of all his enormities. He accordingly confeſſed his having occaſioned the death of a young girl, called Adelaide St. Pierre; his having aſſaſſinated the Counteſs de Merville, and poiſoned her houſe-keeper, Agatha, for fear of her betraying him; after which confeſſion he ſhortly expired.

Madeline

Madeline was ſo ſhocked by hearing of his crimes, that it was many minutes ere ſhe had power to move. At length the fond careſſes of her father and attentions of de Sevignie, reſtored her in ſome degree to herſelf.

Her father then informed her he had ſought her for the purpoſe of bringing her to the caſtle, in order to aſſiſt him in breaking the affair to Madame D'Alembert. "Though all affection for her huſband muſt long ſince (cried he) have been deſtroyed by his unworthy conduct, I am yet convinced, from her feelings, ſhe will be ſhocked to hear of his dying by his own hand. His confeſſion I mean carefully to conceal from her; for to know her mother was murdered—murdered by her huſband, would, I am confident, entail horror and wretchedneſs upon her days."

Madeline now haſtened to the caſtle, and D'Alembert's death was communicated with the utmoſt caution to Madame D'Alembert;

bert ;—it filled her with horror ; but, as St. Julian had ſaid, all affection for him having long before ceaſed, every hope was entertained of the melancholy impreſſion which it made upon her mind being ſoon eraſed. On his father it had the moſt dreadful effect, the moment he heard it ; the proud diſdainful ſilence which he had obſerved from the firſt diſcovery of his baſeneſs, vaniſhed, and he vented his miſery in groans and exclamations, accuſing himſelf of being the cauſe of his ſon's deſtruction. Every attention which humanity could dictate was paid him, but paid in vain. Attentions from thoſe he had injured, rather aggravated than ſoothed his feelings ; and in about two days after his ſon's death, he declared his reſolution of renouncing the world. He accordingly withdrew from the caſtle of Montmorenci to La Trappe, the moſt rigid of all the religious houſes in France, where he ſoon ended a miſerable exiſtence. Immediately after his departure Lafroy was diſmiſſed, having firſt, according to the promiſe

miſe that was made him, received a handſome proviſion, which, by giving him the power of gratifying his inordinate paſſions, ſoon occaſioned his death. Joſephe, his iniquitous brother, was compelled to retire from the vicinity of the caſtle; but though he deſerved puniſhment and miſery, the Marquis was too generous to permit him to feel any inconvenience in conſequence of this meaſure. Claude and Blanche, alike penitent, were, by their own deſire, ſent to the places from whence they originally came, amply ſecured from the ills of poverty. Thus did the Marquis and his ſons fulfil every promiſe they had made, and by the mercy they extended to others, proved their gratitude to heaven for that which they had themſelves experienced.

As ſoon as tranquillity was reſtored to the inhabitants of the caſtle, the nuptials of de Sevignie and Madeline were ſolemnized; after which they accompanied Madame D'Alembert, (who with her friend Madame Chat-

teneuf and her party, had only waited to ſee them united,) to the Chateau de Valdore. Without mingled emotions of pain and pleaſure Madeline could not re-enter it, nor could de Sevignie, without experiencing ſimilar ones, behold the walks where he had often wandered to watch for Madeline, and deſpairingly ſigh forth her name. A conſtant intercourſe was kept up between the families of Madame D'Alembert and Madame Chatteneuf, in the courſe of which Count Duraſſo, who from the firſt interview had been captivated by her graces, made the impreſſion he wiſhed upon the heart of Viola. To the ſoftneſs of the Italian he united the vivacity of the French, and was in every reſpect worthy of her. Till the happy period which united them, de Sevignie and Madeline divided their time alternately between the Caſtle of Montmorenci and the Chateau de Valdore.

With Duraſſo, Viola enjoyed a long courſe of uninterruptedhappineſs—happineſs which

could only be equalled by that which her beloved friends de Sevignie and Madeline experienced.

Having now, to uſe the words of Adam, brought "my ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs," I ſhall conclude with an humble hope, that however unworthy of public favour it may be deemed, its not aſpiring to fame will guard it from ſeverity.

FINIS.

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